



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Leaving the Harbor” - “Getting It Right”
“Yacht Sails” - “How NOT to Sell a Boat”

Volume 22 - Number 23

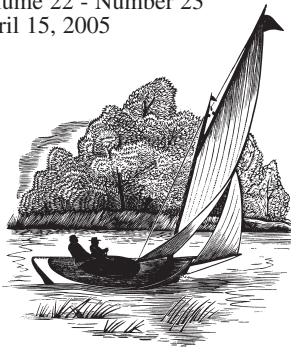
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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Several news clippings arrived in early March from local readers informing me that noted Essex, Massachusetts boatbuilder and historian of that town's long past in wooden boatbuilding, Dana Story, had died in February at 85 after a brief illness. Dana grew up at the end of the era when Essex was the site of as many as a dozen shipyards building wooden fishing schooners for the nearby Gloucester fishing industry. Over 400 of them were built by Dana's father, Arthur D. Story, on the site today of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. Dana took over the family shipyard in 1947 and within a couple of years was faced with his last order for the wooden fishing draggers which had replaced the historic schooners. Thus ended six generations of Story shipbuilding in Essex, and those dozen shipyards stretching the length of the Rt. 133 "causeway" have been replaced by tourist clam shacks, restaurants, and antique shops.

Dana fell back on running a yacht yard on the site and his son Brad undertook the building of various wooden boats, including 50' lobsterboats for local lobstermen. Subsequently Brad had to give up commercial boatbuilding with today's use of chemicals due to sensitivity to exposure to them and retired to his preferred occupation as a sculptor.

When the opportunity came for Dana and his wife, as they grew older, to move away from their boatyard home and its press of customers night and day without respite, he did so and soon after sold the shipyard to a small craft dealer. He had long since realized that it would never be again what it was when he grew up there and had commenced devoting himself to recording and collecting historical information about the 300-year wooden shipbuilding industry that had supported this small town. He recorded the oral histories of those still alive who had worked during that era and built up a collection of over a thousand photos of vessels and local shipyard scenes.

Dana once told me about "one that got away" from his quest. He knew of a collection of half models of the ships that he had built belonging to a retired shipbuilder, and when that man passed on Dana approached the family about these models, hoping to, arrange their preservation for their historical significance. No luck, the younger generation had cleaned out all the "junk" in the house and burned all the models in the stove.

Dana became a chronicler of the town's shipbuilding past, publishing a number of books based upon his collected histories as well as personal experiences, amongst them *Frame Up*, *Hail Columbia*, *Growing Up in a Shipyard*, *The Shipbuilders of Essex*,

Building the Blackfish, and *The Building of a Wooden Ship*.

When the Essex Historical Society set up its collection of shipbuilding artifacts as the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in an old schoolhouse in town, Dana kept an eye on its progress but did not release his material to the fledgling museum until his later years when he was satisfied that the museum meant business and would be a safe harbor for his own vast collection. In the meantime, the Shipbuilding Museum acquired possession of the old Story Shipyard, bringing together its collections and an original shipyard site. It was a major financial risk for the struggling museum, but now it has recently received a major grant to pay off the mortgage.

Several years ago local boatbuilder Harold Burnham, himself a sixth generation Essex boatbuilder, undertook construction of the 65' schooner *Thomas J. Lannon* for local businessman Tom Ellis. Harold built the *Lannon* in the traditional manner and Dana was much on the scene with his priceless first-hand knowledge of how it was done.

But it was at the later launching of the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story* that Harold Burnham had built for the Museum that Dana must have enjoyed a real moment of déjà vu, for Harold had elected to launch her laid over on her bilge as had many of the larger bygone schooners. The reason for this was that the water in the Essex River at the yard's ways was shallow. When a laid over hull hit the water she floated clear of the shallows before rolling upright in the deeper water beyond.

I spoke that day with Dana as he sat there ready to view the launching. Harold had just done a final check through before preparing to knock out the chocks, and in passing by us had remarked, "Well, here goes nothing!" This was a historical experiment, Harold had never done such a launching. Dana was impressed. He told me, "I never dared to do that myself." He went on to wistfully express how he wished that he had, for it would have saved him all the extra paid labor chasing around the river for the cradle timbers that went into the water at a conventional launching.

Dana Story was, above all else, a consummate Yankee, product of an era when wooden shipbuilding was a business in which ships were built for a tightly bargained price. His recognition that the end of that historic era was at hand just as he came to full participation in it, and so undertook to chronicle as much of it as he could discover or recall, provides now a lasting legacy for those interested in the Gloucester fishing fleet and its ultimate sailing vessel, the famed Gloucesterman schooner.

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On the Cover...

The Fenwick Williams designed yawl Sarah M. Derby on her mooring in Salem (MA) harbor, a successful conclusion to boatbuilder Paul Schwartz's determination to "get it right" in carrying out the owner's desired modifications to the original classic design. Paul tells us all about it in this issue.

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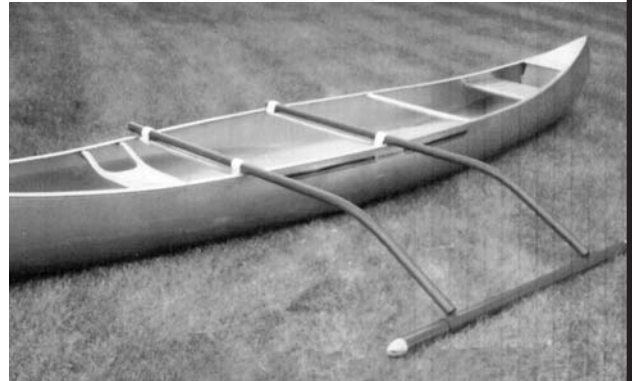
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Activities & Events...

2005 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

The 21st Cedar Key Small Boat Meet will be Saturday and Sunday, May 7th & 8th. It is completely informal. Tides and weather are still the only organization. There are no planned events, sign-ups, or fees.

Cedar Key is an isolated cape of off-shore islands, oyster lined channels, and salt marsh in north Florida on the Gulf, just south of the mouth of the Suwannee River. Before the Civil War its huge cedars were cut for pencils. During and after the war it was a railhead port and population center. Now its seascape brings sailors and paddlers, fishermen and birders, naturalists, artists, and writers. Cedar Key has no traffic lights, fast food, or golf courses.

All shallow draft boats are welcome, including canoes and kayaks, sharpies, cat-boats and catamarans, trimarans, rowing skiffs, sailing dinghies, scows and sampans.

Weather is almost always, dare I say, nearly perfect. But it can blow, and if it does, there are interesting places in lees, even at lower tides, for rowers and paddlers. For sailing canoes Cedar Key is hallowed water.

Days are usually in the 80s, water temperature upper 70s. The water is nutrient and oxygen rich so the food chain is packed. Think fishing, birding, and wildlife watching.

For information call the Cedar Key Chamber of Commerce, (352) 543-5600; Larry Page, (941) 746-2686, lhpage@worldnet.att.net; or me, (586) 468-6456, hhorton5976@wowway.com. I hope to see you.

Hugh Horton, Mt. Clemens, MI

Adventures & Experiences...

No Engine - 1

The Phil Bolger article in the February 15 issue about a summer sailing an Alden Triangle with no engine reminded me of a trip my cousin and I made in 1946 (I think) in my uncle's modified Herreshoff Fish Class 21' sloop. We sailed from Salter's Pond near Padanarum on Cape Cod, through Quick's Hole, up Vineyard Sound, over to Oak Bluffs and Vineyard Haven, then back down Vineyard Sound, overnights in Tarpaulin Cove, and back to Salter's Point. No engine! No lights! Dawn in Tarpaulin Cove was incredible!

Bill Nelson, Cape May, NJ

No Engine - 2

At the No-Octane Regatta hosted by our New Hampshire Boat Museum in Wolfeboro last August, members of the Wolfeboro Water Ski Club successfully got two youthful skiers up and skiing with paddle power only, using one of the Museum's war canoes. Both got up on the first try. The group photo shows the stalwart manpower and the two admitted-lightweight skiers.

We'd like to extend an invitation to readers to visit our museum this coming



summer. We are located at 397 Center St., Wolfeboro New Hampshire, near Lake Winnepesaukee, and are open from Memorial Day to Columbus Day Monday-Saturday 10-4 and Sunday 12-4. For further information, write to us at P.O. Box 1195, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896, or check our website at www.nhbm.org.

Paul Littlefield, Rochester, NH



Opinions...

Shocked

I was shocked as I read John Tuma's article about the "Other Risks of Boat Building" in the February 1 issue. I thought at first that I was reading my own autobiography. As I got farther into it I realized that I have a few more boats around than he does.

My bride raises dogs (boarder terriers). She has six at the moment. One is a puppy that we still hope to sell. I keep telling her that the number of boats in my fleet matches the number of dogs in her pack. I lied a little.

About ten years ago I built a garage with a room in the loft. I built a door in the gable end that my small boats can come and go through. I can store a lot of boats up there and she can't climb the ladder into this loft, so I am safe.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, MN

Yearning for "Out There"

Watch the crowds at the boat show long enough and you'll see it, a slackening of the jaw, a distant look in the eyes, a complete loss of awareness of the surroundings. Somebody has fallen in love.

Author Michael Ruhlman calls it being "boatstruck," seeing a boat that stands out from the crowd, a boat that seems to sing

your name. For the boatstruck there is only the One True Boat, everything else is merely a boat-shaped vessel.

Anyone can be boatstruck and they can be smitten with any boat, a cedar strip canoe, a 40' ketch, or a mahogany cruiser. There's a web site detailing the years one man has spent trying to turn a salmon trawler into a cruising yacht.

The first line on that web site is telling, "I'm not really sure why I'm doing this," he writes. "I must be crazy."

He probably is, for being boatstruck, like falling in love, entails a loss of reason. Rational thought has no place in the lives of the lovelorn and the boatstruck. Their world contains only desire and the object of that desire.

Even those who don't experience that thunderbolt relationship with a particular boat understand that there is little room for reason in the world of boats. A reasonable person would invest their time, money, and mental energy in something fruitful and productive something that will bear interest or advance human knowledge or benefit the world at large.

But we're not reasonable people. We're boat lovers and we understand something which eludes the purely rational people who spend all their lives on land. A person without a boat is a flightless bird, able to move in only one environment. For the boatless the water is as foreign as the sky or space, simply "out there" where other creatures go.

The boat lover knows about "out there," knows what it feels like and what it smells like. We pay attention to the unknowable "down there" of the underwater world and the ever-changing "up there" of the sky, for to do otherwise is to risk beaching on a shoal or getting caught in a storm. And we know what the land really looks like because we have seen it from afar as well as close up.

We all have our own watery destinations, whether it's Cape Horn, Lake Ontario, or the Big East River. We plan trips to them, hang pictures of them on our office walls, and daydream about them while enduring a long meeting or while sitting in traffic. Out there is where we always want to be, out there on the water.

For us the land is simply a place to inhabit, the water is where we really live.

Andrew Wagner-Chazalon, Editor, *The Muskoka*, Bracebridge, ON

Social and Cultural Issues Do Matter

In a recent "Commentary" you wrote of how you particularly valued adventure stories with an emphasis on the culture and people of the locations where boating activity is involved. So there is a precedent for stretching the parameters of your magazine's mission. I am often interested in social issues and feel that the megayacht articles and your "Commentary" thereon were extremely interesting when considered from the social perspective.

Many, including particularly Phil Bolger, have emphasized issues related to boating that take into consideration the many social impacts of our chosen form of recreation. Such considerations include the sources of boat building materials and the impact on the environment of their extraction, the impact of mechanical propulsion vs. wind or human power, the impact of the motor vehicle use necessary to get our boats or ourselves to the water, discussions around access to the water and the privatization of America's waterfront, and more that I can't think of right now.

We have been discussing cultural and social issues, but from one viewpoint only, ours, which some might even find extreme. Well, the story on megayachts simply shows us a little of the other extreme and I found it very worthwhile. In fact, I believe that we need to know about this stuff. So, while we are worrying about the pollution from our little outboards and building our minimal little boats out of reclaimed or discarded materials to be carried to the water atop our hybrid electric subcompact cars, here are some facts about the other half... er, one percent.

In the *Wall Street Journal*, June 15, 2004, Robert Frank cites statistics from the 2004 *World Wealth Report* compiled by Merrill Lynch & Co. "Most striking, the study found that in the U.S. and Canada, the number of ultra-rich, those with investment assets of more than \$30 million, has reached 30,000." These are the kind of people who buy these megayachts and there are not very many of them in a country of 300 million.

Now you are asking, "Why should I care?" Well, there is only one pie and it is only so big. The article gives the percentages, "The wealthiest 1% control more than a third of the nation's wealth... 2.3 trillion in stocks... 53% of all individually-held shares... and 64% of bonds." If you stretch out the top to the wealthiest 10%, they control 80% of the wealth. That leaves a pretty small piece of the pie for all the rest of us 297 million to go boating with.

On top of this we must keep in mind that America is the richest country in the world and much of the developing world has huge populations of desperately poor people. The worldwide distribution of income is inequitable to an almost unimaginable extreme.

So I have much belabored my point, which is that social, economic, and cultural factors are always present in our activities, whether we want to recognize them or not. I say it is far better to face the facts. We should all be grateful that you have made the choice to provide us all with this magazine and do not heed ill-conceived judgments about what you choose to print.

I wonder how many kayaks it takes to counterbalance the impact of one megayacht?

Tom Papell, Long Island, NY

Education is Elementary

At the Center for Wooden Boats we have a lot of boats. Our best guess is close to 200. Why? We say they are historically significant. That could mean that this old beat-up tub was once Queen of the Fleet of East Moosejaw, Maine, in ought-five and has gone downhill ever since. We do put a lot of labels on our boats recording their date of launching and dimensions, like a baby announcement. None of the above are answers to the question "why?"

The reason we have the boats is education. The reason any museum collects stuff is for education. The education that a wooden boat can give is far deeper and richer than an erudite cliché or musty archival factoids. The wooden boat is a genie in a bottle. When it comes out it gives us surprise, wonder, inspiration.

Who designed it? It might be a young man with the right genes who designed an ocean racing yawl when he was in high school. He so impressed the yachting community they raised the funds to send him to MIT.

Who built it? It might be a boatwright who was brought to Grandpa's boat shop when he was still in a cradle and played with the shavings in the shop as soon as he could crawl.

What kind of wood was used in the boat? It could be old growth Maine white cedar cut in a forest that was given to a Revolutionary War veteran by the Federal government in gratitude for his courage and leadership in the war with Mother Britain.

Who used the boat and why? It might have been a small yacht club on the base of Cape Cod in 1923 that wanted a youth sail trainer. The boat was so popular it became a racing class that still continues.

All the above scenarios are true. The stories within our boats are the catalyst that propels our thought far beyond the boats we see and sail at CWB. I'd call it the inner surprise element of boat education. The outer surprise element is when we participate in a boatbuilding class and are surprised that we are not the klutz of the class but can actually create some fine joinery. Or when we learn to sail CWB boats and take them out as the sole captain and crew and are enveloped in the surprise of how this bunch of wood and strings has become an extension of our body. And our soul.

Archives are fine for the six people in the world who have doctorates in Maritime History. For the rest, the ones who actually support us, the education they want and deserve is the part that gives them the thrill of learning by doing. We at CWB must never forget or dilute our ability and obligation to the education elements we have to offer.

Dick Wagner, CWB, Seattle, WA

Some Friendly Advice

Next time Robb White feels the need to interact with a federally protected species of bird such as that loon that he had an interaction with on the Gulf Coast (February 15), he may want to turn on the TV to the Nature Channel where he can feel warm and fuzzy instead of punctured and bloody. Most wildlife, feathered, finned, or furred, are usually just minding their own business, a lesson we humans would do well to emulate.

Patrick Mehr, Old Town, FL

Editor Comments: Robb went ashore to check on a beached loon that was displaying signs of distress.

This Magazine...

Subscribing for 20 Years

I realized when I just renewed that I have been subscribing now since 1985 and the magazine keeps getting better and better. I hope you'll keep on publishing. Don't change a thing! I'd bet that the vast majority of your subscribers have complete trust in your judgement.

Eric Tarini, Framingham, MA

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Herreshoff Sailboats

By Gregory O. Jones.
ISBN 0-7603-1160-9
MBI Publishing - \$40
St. Paul, MN, 2004
160 Pages Large Format
Many B&W & Color Photos
www.motorbooks.com

Reviewed by Hugh Ware

Whether you pronounce the family name as "Herres-hoff" or "Herre-shoff," many of its members could certainly design fascinatingly light, intricately designed, high performance boats, often but not always of outstanding beauty. This new book, published by a firm perhaps better known for its automotive books, tells the story of this boat designing family, starting with the ancestral antecedents in Europe (a young Prussian soldier known to us only as Corporal Eschoff and his son Karl Frederick Eschoff, a favorite courtier of Frederick II of Prussia) and ending with L. Francis and Sidney Herreshoff. In between them were the famed designer Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, adoringly biographed in another book by his son L. Francis, and Cap Nat's brother, the blind John Brown Herreshoff, who provided the business and boatbuilding counterbalance to Nat's designing genius.

This coffee table sized book marches stalwartly through the family history and then slows a bit for a thorough look at Herreshoff boats. First were small sailboats that Nat and J.B. built for personal use and work boats for local fishermen. Nat went off to MIT but dropped out after three years to work at the Corliss Steam Engine Works in Providence. J.B. continued to build boats and their propulsion machinery at Bristol, Rhode Island. In this period, Nat was not part of J.B.'s operation but spent his free time working there. Later, after Nat and J.B. toured Europe in the 17' *Estelle* that Nat designed and they built over there, Nat joined his brother.

In the next five decades or so, Nat and J.B.'s Herreshoff Manufacturing Company put out a long stream, almost a spate, of steam yachts, many of them very fast for those days, and high-speed mini-warships (torpedo boats) for the U.S. Navy and other navies. By and large they were equipped with boilers and engines designed by Nat. But sail was not neglected. Nat received many commissions to design yachts, big and small, and J.B. built them. Some of these sailboats were rule-breaking racers and some were rule makers. Nat was responsible for *Gloriana* (the boat that earned him the title of "The Wizard of Bristol") and she killed the British "plank-on-edge" school of design, and it was Nat who proposed a set of rules to the New York Yacht Club that became the Universal Rule.

It was in his America's Cup contenders that many think Nat reached his peak. In some ways, I disagree. Even though I have sailed on a J Boat America's Cup challenger, and steered it for a glorious 20 minutes, I prefer Herreshoff's little 12-1/2-footers for I learned to sail in them. But that is a very personal opinion. Between 1893 and 1920, Nat designed and J.B. built every America's Cup



Book Reviews

defender. Actual defenders of the Cup were *Vigilant*, *Defender*, *Columbia*, and *Reliance*. Contenders for a defense role were *Constitution*, *Defiance*, *Resolute* and the lesser-known *Navahoe* and *Colonia*, each one a boat designed and built to defend the Cup and every one a glorious vessel. Most were successful racers, some outstandingly so, and because of them The Auld Mug stayed in the States each time there was a challenge from Great Britain.

Jones' book does a good job of describing the boats, the races, and the inevitable politicking at considerable length. But Jones does not ignore Herreshoff's big cruising yachts, whether steam or sail. And intermingled with them were smaller sailboats and classes, often in mass production at Bristol. For example, take the Twelves, those sweet little boats designed to lovingly fit the waves of Buzzards Bay. Many decades ago I learned to sail on four of them and all were built in the winter of 1914, the first year of Twelve production, and they had 16 mates that short year. Herreshoff went on to build a total of 360 Twelves and there have been a veritable armada of copies in one form or another. The first time I sailed a fiberglass version, I longed for the lively old wooden boats I knew as a lad!

J.B. died in 1915 and Nat soldiered on in increasing poor health. Two years later he sold the company to investors who, it turned out, would not turn out to be good boatbuilding businessmen. Other designers and boatbuilders such as A. Loring Swasey and James G. Swan took over company operations and Nat became essentially an employee. Gradually failure crept in and the company as the HMC of fame folded in 1924. It reappeared in another guise but that, too, failed. Nat designed his last boat in 1935 and died in 1938.

Two of Nat's five children went on to display the family's gifts although Nat often expressed the wish that the boys would get into something else. Sidney DeWolf designed the floats for the Atlantic crossing Navy flying boat NC-4 and most of the company's powerboats during the '30s in addition to a sizable but unknown number of sailing boats. He was a reticent man and did not put his name on the designs. He ended his career by establishing the Herreshoff Maritime Museum in some of the HMC buildings at Bristol.

L. Francis, the other brother, attended college for three years, majoring in agriculture, then worked at HMC but didn't take long to break away from the family business. He joined with W. Starling Burgess and fol-

lowed him when he joined with Swasey and Frank Paine to create the design firm of Burgess, Swasey, and Paine. It was a productive group of gifted designers. Paine designed the J-class Yankee while Burgess' father had designed the winning Cup boats *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*, and W. Starling designed *Enterprise*, *Rainbow*, and *Ranger*. But L. Francis, who followed the beat of a different drum, left them in 1926 and set up office in Marblehead. There he designed some of the most achingly beautiful sailboats and innovative boats the world has ever seen. His name would be revered even more if it were not for his father's greater fame. L. Francis also wrote books on boat designing and the aesthetics of boats and these deeply influenced boat lovers and younger designers such as Phil Bolger.

L. Francis also loved good cars and went through a string of makes until he found a car of suitably high quality to satisfy his fastidious demands. It was a Ferrari! But L. Francis also drove slowly and carefully, 40mph on a highway was quite fast enough for him. Driving reasonably slowly one day on Route 127, a lazy back road, I came up on the Ferrari and it hastened to jump off road onto the verge as L. Francis made room for me to pass.

Author Greg Jones is the senior editor of *Blue Water Sailing* magazine and lives not far from Bristol. The title of his book states it addresses Herreshoff sailboats but it does far more than that. Family life, steam engines and boilers, warships, patrol boats, steam yachts, and the sons are also covered. Herreshoff Sailboats is not the definitive multi-volume work required if one were to cover the various Herreshoffs and their products in intense detail, but this wonderful book covers Nat's yachts, whether big or small or even smaller, thoroughly and well. It is a remarkably complete work and appears in a first class package that is a pleasure to hold and feel. The price is reasonable and even lower when bought online. I no longer sail often but this book made me ache to hold the tiller of one of those childhood Twelves again.

Close to the Wind

By Pete Goss 1998
288 pages - \$25
Carroll & Graf, Publishers

Reviewed by Jeff Douthwaite
<Jeffdo@quidnunc.net.Seattle WA>

This is a gripping courageous story by Pete Goss, a single hander, racing around the world in 1996-7. If you think you got troubles, read this. His extreme and continuous difficulties remind me of the lovely comforts of life ashore. As they say, "worse things happen at sea," no matter what your problems, his are worse. About the only concession to adversity is the race was from west to east with the prevailing winds around the southern oceans.

Pete Goss is a graduate of the Royal Marines and knows how to take punishment. And he takes plenty. He warms up for the Vendee Race by crossing the North Atlantic solo in the Transat Race from Plymouth, England, to Newport, Rhode Island, in his 50' boat called *Aqua Quorum*.

The fiberglass boat has a swing keel which can be angled 30 degrees to either side to get a lower center of gravity, thus a better purchase on a reach or a beating course, and has twin rudders and dagger boards. Approaching the Grand Banks of Newfoundland he ran into a storm and, "It gave me the thrashing of my life," which, he says "...was what I needed to prepare for the big race coming." This shows his wonderful attitude and determination (and a real case of masochism?).

Lots of space in his book concerns his anguish over hustling, promoting, and financing for the trips and all the necessary equipment, which seems a distraction, but it does set the scene and underlines that his struggles are not just whilst at sea. In the Vendee Globe race in the stormy southern ocean he heroically sacrificed time to beat back 160 miles to rescue Raphael Dinellii, a Frenchman whose racing boat capsized and sank. Dinellii's life raft got away but he escaped into a life raft dropped by the Aussie RAF. He was too far out for helicopter rescue, Pete Goss was his last chance after that. With Dinellii onboard they detoured into Hobart, Tasmania, to let the Frenchman off.

Later Goss suffers mightily with an infected elbow and he finally does his own surgery as he approaches Cape Horn. But he made self-surgery sound easy and continued on around the Horn and back to Les Sables, France. His time was 126 days, 21 hours: time for the winner Christopher Auguin was 105 days, 20 hours, on his boat the *Geodis*.

Goss has problems with both of his automatic pilots, SSB radio, electrical gen-set, and he lost his weather FAX, all due mostly to the horrible pounding the boat

takes. These electrical units are essential, and so with the radioed help from experts ashore he manages to fix them. Many others in the race are in 60' boats. In reality these craft are close to seagoing surfboards and reach speeds of 25 knots! Noisy as hell and bumpy as a truck. "It might be impossible to think, cook, or relax, but the speed made every minute of the discomfort worthwhile." So he says anyway.

Not for me. This kind of surf-sail racing makes me appreciate the quiet safe solid comfort of my slow graceful cruiser. But the lightweight shallow draft racing boats and their rigging hang together much of the time. And they are designed to withstand many knockdowns, of which Goss collects more than his share. Only six of 16 boats completed the race. The good news was only one man was lost.

I, too, love the sea and its challenges but this kind of racing is downright masochistic. The French people make a national cause celebre of this Vendee race. "The Vendee is more than a yacht race to the French. To them it flies the flag of the human spirit..." Makes me wonder about the masochistic tendencies of the French. This raises the question, is this a race or is it a stunt? Most cruisers would agree this is stunting, not cruising. This kind of sailing is truly a battle for survival.

Predictably, given his gung-ho push for more speed, all the time, at all costs, Goss gets caught in storms several times with too much sail up, spinnaker and full main, during which he has to man the tiller, can't trust the autopilot, and can't reach the sheets nor halyards to douse the spinnaker, which results in a gybe-broach-knockdown crash! Then des-

perate hours spent in the water untangling sails and lines, then bailing out, then cleaning up the mess, before he can continue sailing. Goss says he was helpless in such an extremis and just had to strap on, hope for the best, and await the crash. I wonder? Tristan Jones wrote that he always carried a handy axe for such emergencies with which to cut the lines, etc. Goss says he always carries a knife. Would it not be better to cut the halyards and sheets or simply to let 'em fly loose in such straits than to risk a knock-down-crash landing?

The mind boggles thinking of the difficulties of a single-handed racing trip around the world, especially in the God-awful cold and stormy southern ocean, and Goss spells out the details, complete with lots of heartfelt strong crude swearing which is expected of an ex-Royal Marine fighting for his life. His story is an ordeal but it is also inspiring to see what a determined courageous man can do.

Re the many equipment failures resulting from the shock loading banging crashing environment on his 50' racing surf boat, Goss does not mention shock mounting. He does mention a pipe that feeds cooling salt water to the generator cracking, which also floods him with bilge water and raises the question, "why risk bringing salt water in this way? Why not use a keel cooler and fresh water as the commercial fishermen do?" Of course, a keel cooler would increase the drag... but its better reliability would eliminate many painful frustrating stops for desperate emergency repairs and bailing, which in themselves must take a psychological toll and drain the self-confidence of these amazing self-reliant sailors.

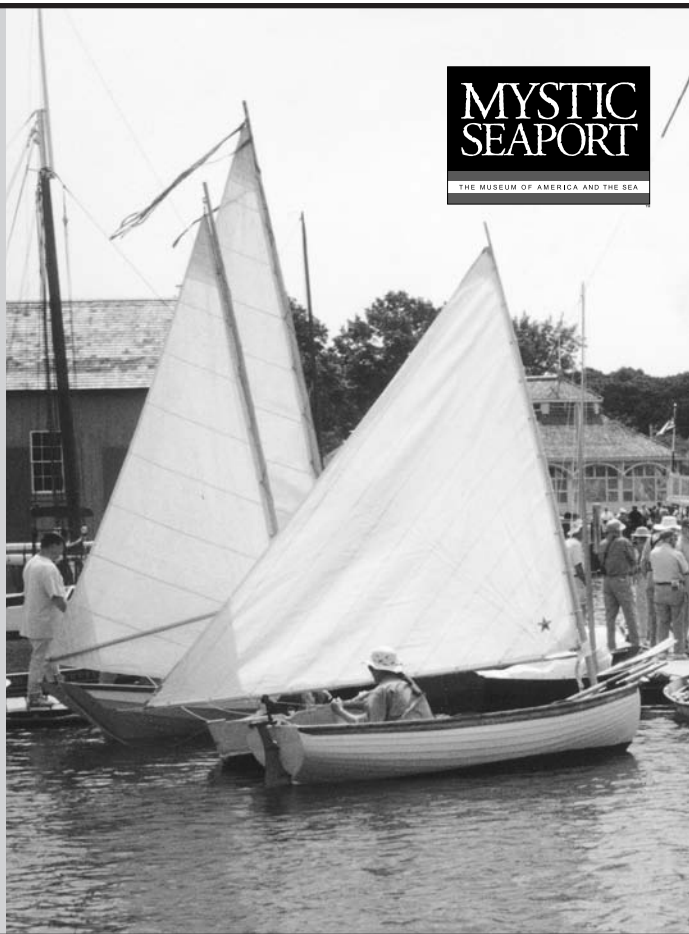
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**MYSTIC
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THE MUSEUM OF AMERICA AND THE SEA

It is one of the coldest days of the new year. The local Amtrak concession must have sold track rights to The Montreal Express. Over the years I've written about the phenomenon called "sea smoke." This morning, as the sun rose and the water was illuminated, it seemed that the whole of Ipswich Bay and the Bigelow Bight beyond was trapped in a conflagration of epic proportions. The smoke pulsed and expanded off the surface (there was water below... I think) like a Hollywood special effects effort. After the pyrotechnics had faded my attention was drawn to more mundane sights on the shore. Only the most hardy birds were out, the rascally crows swooped down on the frozen lawn to eat discarded cashews. Sea gulls, mewling their complaints that they can't find a place to land in all this water vapor, descended on the parking lot, standing on one leg, then the other, to warm the opposite foot, they watched the (fool?) hardy hunters back their boat trailers down the beach.

These boats are not the usual hula-skirted ones of the late fall. These are stark looking, workmanlike metal craft with very large outboard motors. The two crews of three people dressed in drysuits have transferred picnic coolers into the bow along with guns or tools. My view of the details is skewed as the low angle of a newly-risen sun has scattered its light through some heavily crusted frost on the inside of the side storm windows like the scene of Dr. Zhivago's winter home at Varinkino, I'm only able to view the action through a sealed thermopane 4'x5' space.

Wood smoke rises from many chimneys, and diehard dog walkers' heads are wreathed in their frosted breath. Trotting



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Ippie The Sea Monster

along, heads down, well-insulated Labrador and Golden Retrievers look like fuzzy dragons, each bark and woof a gout of extinguished flame. *Marshmelon's* mascot, Tigger, is in her winter mode, curled by the wood stove, ever watchful that the fuel level isn't allowed to fall past a certain point. The Whippet thermostat, she would turn into a "pupsicle" if left outside for more than the few minutes necessary for her pee break.

Out on the beach the crews have launched the boats. The trucks and trailers are parked where the gulls can guard them. Moving away from the thinner coastal blan-

ket of sea smoke, the boats disappear as they head out into the Bay. I can mark their progress by the disturbance of the rising vapors. Remember the old Etch-A-Sketch box you got for Christmas one year? The boats are acting like the metal stylus, rearranging the magnetized filings/smoke above them.

What is that out on the Sound, is it a long sinuous neck arching up out of the mists? The sand bars may be tripping up the tide again, the sun has risen enough to glint off the top of whatever is out there. These shapes are long and humpy looking. Watching the boats' track traced on the top layer of smoke, I can see they are heading out toward this watery creature. Five arched tops of what could be a snake-shaped sea monster are neatly lined up. Is it coming into the sound or fleeing the two boats heading toward it? Perhaps it's Ippie, the Ipswich Sea Monster. Why not? There are Chessie, Nessie, and Champ up in Lake Champlain, It seems only fitting that we should have our own sea monster. Perhaps the boaters hope to photograph the elusive creature.

It's been four hours and the two boats have returned to shore and left the parking lot. The sea smoke has been dispersed by the thin warmth of the sun which changed the delicate balance that sustains the phenomenon. Were these determined messers fishermen, hunters, OR were they scientists eager to study Ippie at close range? I'll never know, nor can I understand what depths of passion could cause six adults to venture forth on an arctic day to lose themselves in the obscuring mists rising off a frigid ocean. They MUST have been dedicated scientists...



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My infatuation with small boats likely began during elementary school, when a friend's father converted a small rowing boat into a sailing model. I never saw it on the water, but I recall the conversion process and my interest in it. Much later my wife and I bought a Boston Whaler Squall, a boat which reportedly could do a lot, though nothing too well from my perspective. We referred to it as the "floating bathtub." This was replaced, once kids arrived, with a Newport 16 which was a fun family boat except that the kids liked jumping off the anchored vessel and swimming back to it more than they did sailing. I enjoyed designing and building a mahogany boarding ladder, replacing the centerboard thwart after it broke, and figured out that I enjoyed "messing about" with this on land nearly as much as I did on the water.

We were boatless for a time, and then one summer several years later we visited my elder daughter in Michigan and I saw a small tender in a shop window on Mackinaw Island. I thought how much fun it would be to have a small boat to row around Town Lake, the stretch of the Colorado River that flows through Austin, Texas, and is closed to motorboat traffic. Buying my first copy of *WoodenBoat* magazine in August 1998 got me hooked on the idea of building my own. Now that the kids were off to college and my fathering duties less demanding, I had more time to pursue new interests of my own. Reading about boats, both on the web and in books and magazines, kept me plenty busy.

When my current boat infatuation began the World Wide Web was a fairly new creation. I found it a great means to research what was available, what others had done, and exchange ideas with others having similar interests. I made a list of about 20 likely boats to build, focusing on those that could be cartopped, rowed, or sailed, and were buildable by a first timer. I'd built walls, a backyard deck, and simple, utilitarian furniture over the years, but certainly never a boat. I finally settled on the Whisp and was lucky enough to buy apparently one of the last sets of Whisp plans sold by the man who was handling sales for Steve Redmond's designs during the years he dropped out of sight, at least to the amateur boat builders of the U.S.

While constructing the Whisp over several years I came in contact with another potential Whisp builder from Massachusetts with whom I corresponded via e-mail as I put mine together, and who later returned all my e-mails to me. I compiled these into a "building tips" document which I later shared over the web with others I learned had some interest in this boat. Planning and building the Whisp, along with a "canoe cart," a truck rack/rollers for cartopping, and a storage contraption that allowed me to hoist it to the garage ceiling out of the way of the truck, was so much fun that I was actually sorry when I finished it.

Responding to an internet query about a boat I had some information on, I learned that the guy posting the question lived not three miles from me. Small world, given that such postings come from all over the U.S., if not the globe. This fellow had built a MacGregor canoe, with which I was quite impressed, and asked me during a visit to see it if I was aware of *MAIB*. I'd heard of it but had never seen a copy. I returned home with a nearly complete set of seven years' worth of *MAIB* that he'd been loath to toss out but

Serendipity My Mid-Life Adventure in Building Small Boat and Making New Friendships

By Steve Lansdowne

felt he should part with. Over a year later, having enjoyably read all of them, I subscribed.

On the web I shared news that Whisp plans were apparently no longer available once this became apparent, and, to my great surprise, got an e-mail from Steve Redmond once he resurfaced and developed a web site through which he again got into the boat plan business. What a thrill, it was almost as if I'd been contacted by Elvis long after his demise!

Over the web I met, and later visited in Florida where daughter #2 was in college, a guy who was getting around to finishing his Whisp perhaps ten or more years after starting it. I took the Whisp to a small, local wooden boat show and met a neighbor who had partially restored an old Snipe and told me about the Austin Boat Builders Association, which I later joined. This fellow had built some kayaks and other small boats and written a few short *MAIB* articles, a kindred spirit for sure!

Two wonderful summer vacations at the WoodenBoat School in Maine during the early 2000s during which I met and learned from several talented boat builders, visited with my Massachusetts friend, and enjoyed visits to many nautical museums on the East Coast. This led to a hankering to build another boat. I was hooked! I built a 12'x20' backyard workshop to house my new hobby, as I liked having the garage available for the cars. This year-long project was also quite satisfying. I added an air conditioner and a nice FM radio so I could build in style.

My second project, for which I'd built the shop, was an Iain Oughtred Wee Rob, stretched to 13' and built as a stripper. When I launched the Wee Rob I posted notice of this event on the web and to the launch came another local guy who had been trained in boatbuilding back east and in Norway and was quite skilled and knowledgeable in this area. What a wonderful resource! At a subsequent boat launch I also met another amateur builder who did a very fine job on a Railbird skiff and who transported it on a fine aluminum trailer.

Acquiring a digital camera expanded my ability to easily share what I'd done with

others. I posted a photo of my Wee Rob on My WoodenBoat and was later contacted by a WB staffer asking if they could use the photo in their WB Store Catalog, to which I gladly agreed. The Wee Rob, as was the Whisp, was also a sailing model, though I found that, given how tender these boats both seemed when under sail, I was partial to rowing/paddling them more of the time. (I built sails for both boats from SailRite kits and fashioned some sail covers, spars, oars, and paddles as well.) The Wee Rob was my companion on a three-week summer truck camping/canoeing trip to western Arkansas in 2003 and another trip to Louisiana in the fall. On both of these trips I very much enjoyed early morning paddles on mirror-still water.

On the web I heard about the Melonseed and thought about making it boat project #3, even though this would mean getting a trailer (possibly like my new friend's) and giving up some garage space for boat storage. Buying the Chapelle drawings from the Smithsonian made me realize I needed more guidance than these provided, given my skill level. Coincidentally, my local "expert" friend had built a Melonseed several years back and one other local friend also had interest in this boat. The recent *WoodenBoat* Melonseed article, which was the first time this magazine had covered this design, came along at just the right time. I bought the Barto Melonseed plans and soon developed a mailing list of others who had expressed interest in this via the WoodenBoat Forum. I've spent several enjoyable evenings at the computer compiling data bases detailing the wood, hardware, and other materials needs for this boat, which I'll share over the internet with others having similar interests. I'm surely on my way to a few more years of boat building bliss!



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It is a beautiful September day. I am at my boat slip in Mamaroneck, New York harbor. The wind is from the southwest, ten knots and steady. My favorite. I've taken the cover off the Wayfarer and I'm trying to plan how I'm going to leave the dock and get out of the harbor, about a mile to the east. I generally sail alone with oars to back me up. Though I've done this many times, and under more difficult circumstances, it's always an adventure. And since I've sailed in this area for 50 years, it's also a way of recapturing earlier experiences.

Mamaroneck's inner harbor is one of the best natural and most popular small boat harbors along the Atlantic coast. It has deep channels, provides maximum protection against storms, has a great view of the old Village in one direction and views of well-tended boatyards and beautiful waterfront homes elsewhere. But it is also one of the most difficult harbors to get into and out of under sail. The basic problem is that it consists of two separate basins, both of which empty towards the east into a narrow channel flanked by rocks and boat clubs, not to mention a large six-story apartment building which tends to block the southerly and westerly winds which are so necessary in traversing this area.

So I'm in the boat at the slip with the bow facing southwest. I figure that today I'll be able to raise the sails while at the dock. I'm at the very end of the dock and only have one neighbor to my port to worry about, an 18' Boston Whaler owned by a nice young family from Scarsdale. I pull up the sails. I now generally use a storm jib rather than a genoa as it is easier to handle alone, provides better views of possible obstructions, and has little loss of sailing efficiency, particularly upwind.

I cast off, boat hook at the ready, and the tiller centered by shockcord. My 9' oars are lashed at the bow and then port and starboard to the two shrouds. There's a 35' sloop to my starboard which I can ease by as I gain speed. There are many large boats moored fore and aft in this basin. It's pretty easy to see where their lines are and how close I can get to them without catching the centerboard or the rudder. What is more difficult are those boats which have gone on extended cruises. The owners sometime replace their permanent pennant line with scraps of line, figuring it doesn't matter if the scraps grow barnacles and grass while they are gone. But some of

Leaving The Harbor

By Harold Wolfson



My Wayfarer *Minny* with friend David Willey at the helm. (Paul Willey photo)

the scraps are too short and pull the accompanying floats below the water at higher tides, a real booby trap for me.

I'm approaching the western shore of the basin doing two to three knots. I come about to a heading of approximately 80 degrees. I take a fix as to which boats I can pass in front of and which I have to go behind. On the east side of the basin, where my slip is located, there is a long line of docked small power boats, interspersed here and there by a sailboat. As I near this area I pay particular attention to any traffic coming by or from the dock. All of the boats at these municipal docks are moored bow to the dock with two side lines and a bow line securing the boats to the dock. Not all of the skippers are sufficiently cautious as they throw their engines into reverse. So I have to be real careful. None of us have brakes.

I tack back and forth, gaining on my destination. Had the wind been coming from the west, north, or east, I probably would have chosen to row the boat to one of the open public docks a couple hundred yards downstream where I could face the bow into the wind and hoist sail.

I pass a blue/gray lobster boat moored at a dock on the western shore. This belongs to Fernando. I don't know his last name. But 14 years ago he helped save my life. It was early in April and I was in the outer harbor in a new 10' sailing dinghy. It was one of my first sails with that boat and I was reaching back from a jaunt south to Larchmont Harbor. The wind had come up a bit, maybe 15 knots. The boat had a kick-up rudder secured only by a large wing nut. It was my first experience with kick-up rudders, and when a gust hit the rudder kicked up and the boat rolled out from under me. I had a life preserver on but the water was really cold and there was no other boat in sight.

For about 20 minutes I hung on, debating whether or not to swim the half-mile to shore. My teeth began to chatter uncontrollably. Disconcerting. Then Fernando appeared. He pulled me aboard, righted the boat, and towed it into the dock. I was so cold I could hardly talk. I mumbled thank you over and over. I had a soggy \$20 bill in my pocket, the only thing of value with me. I handed it to him. But he shook his head and took off. I rushed home and showered in hot water until my chattering subsided. I once mentioned this episode to Jim Mancusi, our harbormaster. "That's the kind of guy Fernando is," Jim said.

I'm now on an easterly tack heading in the direction of the Harbormaster's office. On the opposite shore there are three boatyards with many large power boats and auxiliary sailboats. As I come about I again remind myself to pay attention to traffic. But this is a midday Tuesday and most of the owners are not on the water. I generally try to go out during the week rather than weekends when the traffic is really heavy and I could prove to be a vulnerable nuisance.

At the far end of the third boatyard I enter the channel where the waters of the two basins collide. The incoming tide now is heavier and each time I come about I lose some headway. But the wind remains steady, no reason yet for oars. The channel narrows to about 100' between what used to be called Mable's Dock and the tip of Shore Acres Club. I have reason not to get too close to Shore Acres. Some years ago I raced with a frostbite group in the harbor and I remember running close to Shore Acres alongside some competitors. Suddenly my Dyer Dow dinghy came to an unambiguous stop and water began to pour into the boat from between the skeg and the transom. My rudder had caught on a rock and my competitors were off in the distance. Fortunately a committee boat came alongside and hauled me out.

On the west side of the narrow channel is Cyclops, the giant apartment building, slowing the breeze but not extinguishing it. I remove the two shockcords that fasten the oars to the stays so I can be ready to pull them out and row if necessary. But I make it to Mable's Dock, come about, and wobble in a mostly easterly heading past the huge Shoe Fly Rock and its smaller rock satellites. I'm doing a knot or two.

At the east end of the rocks I see a moored 17' wherry. I always like to look at

Busy summer boating scene viewed from the Harbormaster's office on the West Basin.



its delicate curved lines. It was made 30 years ago by Kevin Rathbone. He trailers it every summer to the Traditional Small Craft Workshop at the Mystic Seaport Museum in Mystic, Connecticut. There he teaches how to sail a sprit-rigged boat like his and also teaches a course in oar making. Kevin keeps a 12' garvey or punt he made on a dock not too far from my slip. He leaves all his sailing gear on the wherry and rows out in the garvey. Rowing really is his prime love, along with boatbuilding. He often comes down to row the garvey after work, before dinner. On a voluntary basis he teaches boat building to 5th and 6th grade children at the Mamaroneck Avenue School. At the end of the year, after a boat has been produced, he invites the children to come down to the water and learn to row the boat they built.



Kevin Rathbone in his backyard readies his 12' garvey for the winter. Kevin, a lifelong boater in Mamaroneck, teaches boatbuilding to 5th and 6th grade students on a volunteer basis.

Things become easier after we pass Kevin's wherry. The channel widens. On the east are a group of anchored boats which, though outside the channel, are in deep enough water so that I can sail between them and minimize tacking. On the west is the Beach Point Yacht Club, with its huge cruising sailboats. They also have a fleet of Ideal keel boats that members can use for training and day sailing and a fleet of Optimist prams that youngsters train on in July and August. Above the yacht club are a bunch of moored Ideals and some unused moorings.

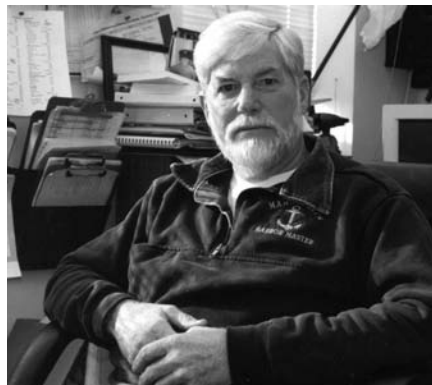
I remember many years ago, when my two children were about eight and ten years old, we sailed from Horseshoe Harbor in Larchmont in our Rhodes 18. The sky bore some message of future instability but I felt we could go out for a couple of hours and get back long before any trouble occurred. We got into Mamaroneck's outer harbor, about a mile-and-a-half away when the sky quickly darkened and the wind blew up. I recognized my error. We headed for the unused moorings east of Beach Point, tied up, and threw a cover over the boom. It began to thunder and lightning. I urged the children to have a soda and some cookies. They said they weren't hungry.

Then a bolt of lightning and crack of thunder arrived. It filled up the whole inside of the boom tent with a pungent sulfurous

smell. The children began to cry and I tried to assure them we were okay. We huddled there for a while in the semi-darkness. I opened a sandwich, which I really didn't want, and began to eat. Slowly the children began to nibble, too. It became lighter. The sun came out. We removed the boom tent and sailed back, sobered by what happened. Particularly me.

I am almost out of inner harbor by now. I refasten the oars to the stays. There are a bunch of small power boats behind me. I tack northeast out of their path. Not really much traffic this day. Often there is more. Generally I stay out of the way of power boats. I don't press a sailboat's rights. Jim Mancusi, the Harbormaster, says that's the right way to go. He says some of the newer powerboat owners don't really know the rules of the road and hardly know their own boat. "They know even less about what a sailboat skipper is trying to do. They don't understand why sailboats insist on crossing and criss-crossing the channel when other boats are trying to get through."

Jim himself is a sailor. He sails a Sunfish which he keeps near his office. He has rigged it for rowing with an arrangement that he thinks he may be able to patent. "Whenever I get near the apartment building, I'm ready to row," he says. Jim has done about everything that there is to do on the water. As a young man he worked for a group that sailed boats up to Maine for the owners or to Florida and the islands. He's sailed to France and to the West Coast via the Panama Canal. He's worked as a sailmaker and a rigger and in the 23 years he's been Harbormaster he's brought a sense of order and good feeling to the harbor.



Harbormaster Jim Mancusi has sailed large and small boats all his life. He presently sails a Sunfish with a backup rowing arrangement to help him negotiate the tricky harbor.

The wind is unobstructed now and we're moving at a good clip on a close reach, maybe five or six knots. We're crossing the tip of Hen Island and heading toward Roslyn on the Long Island north shore. The Wayfarer is good for a retiree like me. It's lively but stable. It has a lot of "go fast" equipment, much of which is no longer a factor in my own sailing. Its 375lbs. and trim lines make it rowable, though not always easily, especially if it is against a 10-15kt wind.

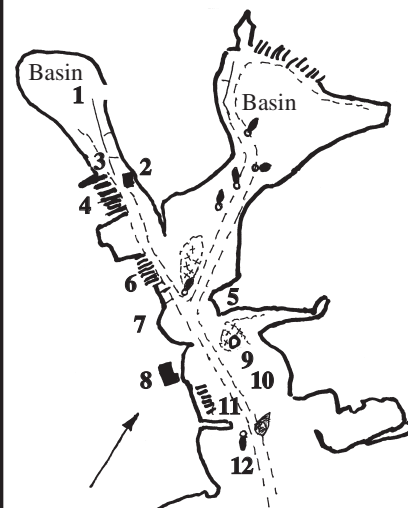
I try to arrange my sailing outings for winds of 5-12kts knots, preferably not from the northwest, though the latter isn't a requirement. I like to head out on an out-

flowing tide, but of course that isn't always practicable, not if I want to sail fairly frequently.

Now I am a couple of miles offshore. I can barely see the huge water tower that identifies Mamaroneck Village. In a little while I'll break out my lunch. Then it will be time to come about and head back. I feel a little smug as the wind is holding up and I expect that I'll be able to get all the way back to my slip on one reach.

That is, if I beat the change in tide.

Mamaroneck



Key to Harbor Map

- 1 My boat slip and a line where a large number of small boats, mostly power, are docked.
- 2 Harbormaster's office.
- 3 Fernando's lobster boat.
- 4 Three boatyards of larger boats.
- 5 Shore Acres Cub where I had my frostbite dunking.
- 6 More boat yards of larger boats.
- 7 Mable's Dock.
- 8 Big apartment house, much more dominant a feature than charts show.
- 9 Shoe Fly Rock.
- 10 Kevin Rathbone's wherry.
- 11 Beachpoint Yacht Cub.
- 12 Where lightning struck.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

Cruising Ministries

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I hate a man who, because of his own ignorant adherence to sloppiness and thrift, will endanger my people or my property. I'll give you a couple of examples out of many. One time we sailed across the Gulf to a little inlet called Pass-A-Grille which is just above Tampa Bay and is the furthest south we ever make landfall to cut off the big bend of Florida. Usually we head for Steinhatchee or Cedar Key or Anclote Key off of Tarpon Springs. There is no real advantage to making a lot of extra deep water miles instead of coasting from Cedar Key on down the peninsula to get into the Atlantic on our way to the Bahamas, but Pass-A-Grille is a good anchorage to stop off while we are coasting down or up.

I am not a deep water man like Bert Dow unless I have to be. I don't like to sit out there holding the tiller for days and days until I get a crick in my neck and the butt rash. I like to pick my weather and make my crossings quickly and under ideal circumstances. I have been known to swing at anchor for a long time in some sheltered spot until conditions get to where they suit me for a crossing of the Gulf Stream. One time we stayed anchored up at Peanut Island where the Lake Worth inlet of West Palm Beach makes the shortest passage to Grand Bahama for long enough to get to know most of the homeless people who lived in a little park on the mainland because we kept walking to the grocery store to get yet another bag of ice. The man who invents an efficient way to make ice on a sailboat will have won the hearts of many of the self-indulgent amongst the sailing community.

The reason we sailed straight across to Pass-A-Grille (which has a big, old, very pink hotel for a landmark) was because our son had just gotten married and was taking his bride for her very first cruise, and on previous trips he had discovered this little restaurant there that had become a tradition for him. The deprivations of a long sailboat trip sort of set one up for a heady participation in the hedonism of everyday life. If you have been in the Bahamas all summer and are trying to come back in time to teach school and running long days in the hot August sun with no wind and the exhaust of the old 9.9 hanging right with you all the time and eating out of cans that have already been passed over time and time again, a meatball sandwich in an Italian restaurant in the shadow of a big, old, very pink hotel is a memorable event.

That's what Wes wanted to introduce his girl to... pure delight as a start of a lifetime of good memories of joy in relief from deprivation. Of course, the only voyaging they had done so far was a calm crossing from Dog Island to Steinhatchee, and after one night in the river there, a fair wind to ease down to Pass-A-Grille where they anchored up in Naked Woman Inlet. I don't know the real name for the place but it is a little bay just south of Pass-A-Grille pass separated from the Gulf by a narrow spit of land which must be a public park because it doesn't have 15 condos towering to the sky... yet.

One trip while we were anchored up in there I was sitting in the cockpit drinking my cup of coffee and eating a few cold fried pinfish about sun-up when I watched a very active naked woman walking along the bay-side beach of the little park. She examined every seashell she saw and had a plastic bag

Twice

By Robb White

for all the trash she picked up. I thought she was a very admirable person.

This time my youngest son of the meatball sandwich planned to anchor up at Naked Woman inlet and motor across the little pass to the town in his very cute and seaworthy tiny dinghy and partake of that memorable delight every evening while they waited for Jane and me. At that "Jane and me" I want to stop and give you a valuable English lesson. Those of you who don't need no English lesson from the likes of me can just skip this part and go ahead to the next paragraph. You know a lot of people make like me errors. It is kind of tricky to get it right and the way they teach you in school is that I never follows the verb. Phooey on that. My rule is to say the sentence and leave out the other person and see how it sounds. Like the sentence, "Doncha want to go fishing with Jane and me?" sounds fine without Jane but would sound foolish if you left out "Jane" and said, "Doncha want to go fishing with I?" A lot of people make those kinds of mistakes when they are trying to sound erudite... Michael Jackson for one. Sinatra never did.

So we finally showed up after a hell of a rough trip across. I would have instantly made another plan but I knew the thrill of the meatball sandwich was giving out so we kept on plugging. The old Morgan 30 (designed, I am told by credible authority, by Charlie Hunt... a good sailing old boat) has that old-fashioned roller reefing of the mainsail where the sail rolls up on the boom. There is a little worm gear in the gooseneck and you can just go up there by the mast and wind a little bit on the crank and feed a little on the halyard until you get it where you want it... in theory.

When they invented that kind of reefing it was all the rage but soon fell into disfavor for various reasons, like how winding a sail with a belly sewn into it onto a cylinder spoiled the shape of the airfoil because the leech and luff get tighter and tighter and the belly of the sail gets slacker and slacker as you roll it up and the battens put a strain on everything as they roll up in a spiral around the boom. Regular old-style reef points are much better, but with the rolling boom rig if you walk along and sort of arrange the sail as it rolls up and take the battens out when their time comes it works pretty good. Especially when you haven't quite gotten around to allotting the money out of the hedonistic side of the family budget to fix something that ain't broke.

When it started breezing up about 30 knots dead out of the wrong, we lashed the tiller in the hove-to position and both worked to reef the main down until it was just enough to keep a little heel on the boat. The jib had long since gone below motor sailing when very close hauled with only the main in rough conditions beats the dickens out of beating to windward in very rough conditions with a tiny jib, a reefed main, and without any motor. The steady thumping of the old two-cylinder Volvo down there laboring on our behalf will make a man feel mighty fond. I am going to get the dear little antiquity out of the dinette pretty soon and plop her back under the cockpit where she belongs.

I can't remember how long it took to get to Pass-A-Grille (the Spanish named most of

the coastal features of Florida and I guess they knew what they were doing) but it was a long, long time before we could see the lights of the peninsula and another long, long time before we could see the navigation lights of the pass. You know Floridians certainly do love the electric light... the higher and brighter the better. They especially like strobe lights on tall towers. I remember back when such things were navigation features and were shown on charts and new ones were mentioned in "notice to mariners" bulletins. If the federal government were to map every strobe-lit cell phone tower in Florida they would have to stop the war in Iraq in order to have enough people to do the job.

Wouldn't you know it, as soon as we got to where we were looking for the sea buoy, it calmed down to a rolling slick. Somehow we made some sense of all that glitter and eased on in the pass about 3:30 in the morning. We were barely able to pick out Wes's little Cape Dory 25 (except for a lot of weather helm, a good little boat) and we staggered around and put out the trusty Bahama moor with our two 12 H Danforths (which, when properly done will, hold a boat pretty good) and went in the hole like two ghost crabs that have seen the dog coming.

We were dead asleep in 30 seconds and, in what seemed like another 30 seconds, I felt something hit one of the anchor lines and I came topside ready to fight. Here this big, pale, droop tailed, cheap-junk inboard boat was hung up on my anchor line. Somehow a little thunderstorm or something had caused a slight breezing up and this two-story junkpile had dragged its anchor.

I think I better describe the boat by some more specific means than just derogatory adjectives. I have surveyed such boats for insurance purposes. There are plenty of them... particularly in south Florida. The way to identify them is by how they look... truncated. From the high bow back they look sort of like a sports fisherman except they cut off the whole stern of the thing and there is no place to fish from. If they had about 30' of stern added on they might look like a real boat. When they cut off the stern they forgot to put the transom back. I guess they call that "swim-platform style" but they run so bow high that it looks like, if the people lounging back there were to turn loose of the pina colada, it would slide right out the back.

Another characteristic of them is the factory model name. The first part is always some word evocative of coastal Mexico or something a little Hawaiian or Tahitian or at least Californian, and the second part is the length of the boat. I think the one that hung up on us was a "Margarita 35." They aren't designed to do anything but run up and down the intracoastal dragging big wakes and looking pretentious until they decide which popular party spot they will spend the night at by listening to the constant chatter of like-minded people on the VHF (which is always turned all the way as loud as it'll go) up there where the man of the hour steers this thing with the bimbo of the minute there beside him adding to the ambience of the scene by a prominent display of her well-oiled self.

They are all steered from a "command center" which looks like something a cadre of NASA engineers working closely with the people who designed the dashboard of the push-button transmission era of Chrysler products would agree was appropriate. And all this is way up on top of the roof of a very

tall cabin. Of course, most of this cabin is disguised to look like a very tall hull but it isn't actually built for hull duty. I guess they have a little actual material in the bottom of the boat to keep the engines from falling through but the topsides are nothing but what looks like a thin coat of paint on either side of some kind of yellowish-tan foam with big voids in it. Even if one of these boats just sits at the marina all the time, it'll rapidly deteriorate and a bad storm will turn one of them into about five miles of trash in just a few minutes.

So, in the middle of the night, I paid off one of my anchor lines and pulled up on the other one until I could get hold of the other boat's line and pulled his anchor and unhooked it from my line and let it go. I have learned a long time ago not to confront fools with their folly. It serves no useful purpose unless you bring it to complete fruition and eliminate him (or her... at least 50%, but they are not usually boat captains... female boat captains are always very competent) from the ecosystem entirely. It is better to pull a half-assed anchor and get it loose from you than it is to try to explain to some skinny legged old fart with a gold nugget as big as a kumquat hanging around his neck that a \$30 anchor from Waste Marine won't hold a boat as wide as a two-car garage and as tall as a McDonalds arch on 20' of line even if it does have 5' of white rubber coated chain on it.

It blew pretty good for a falling tide until daylight and, when the sun came up... uh oh. You know, I hate to keep interrupting these stories to express personal opinions about the present state of the suppression of human nature so as to comply with current trends in advertising, but I believe that it is unnatural to sleep through sunrise. I believe that an early experience doing that will lead to a lifetime of indolence and sloth. Really young children don't do it unless their parents keep the windows in their rooms covered up so first day won't shine on them and call on their animal natures to rise and shine. The reason their parents don't want them to get up as soon as the first hint of day comes is because they, themselves, are living lives of indolence and sloth every chance they get. Of course, they have to bust their asses all week in order to afford to buy all the things they see advertised on the David Letterman Show, but they like to sleep late on weekends. I guess they know what they are doing... kind of like the people who perpetuate the electoral college.

Anyway, when the sun came up down there at Naked Woman Inlet it was sort of like it had come up behind a mountain range. Because of the height of the structures on the mainland I couldn't actually watch it clear the horizon, but I did sit out there in the cockpit and drink my coffee and look around. I didn't see any naked woman. I did see my party boat high and dry almost to the sea oats. I suppose the people were still sleeping in. I don't know when they woke up to discover their predicament because we sailed off to the south while the land breeze was still blowing a little bit.

That was one dragged anchor incident. I'll make it twice here in a minute. When Jane and I went to the coast one time last summer it was, as usual for that summer, a rough trip. Not only in the boat but the car, too. The adenoidal, artificial midwesterner on the weather radio called for 30% rain

chance in the afternoon on the day we came. My only running Mercedes had declared itself to have a bad front wheel bearing and the parts hadn't come yet so we were in the old truck pulling the Rescue Minor when Jane said, "The sky looks mighty black down the road."

"Naw, Jane, it ain't but 30% chance of rain and that in the afternoon, and even if that is a thunderstorm, it won't be nothing to it because it isn't but 11:30 in the morning," I declared as we drove on. About ten minutes later the whole bottom fell out. The wind was blowing so hard I was afraid the darn lightweight Rescue Minor on its lightweight trailer was going to blow into a jackknife out of the road. The windshield wipers were absolutely ineffectual and the old rotted out door gaskets were letting in so much water that a mist was blowing all the way across inside the cab.

One time I had been in such a situation and pulled over into a parking place beside a busy street in town. Another person pulled into the parking place behind me and we were both waiting until we could see where we were going again when another car rearended the car behind me. The irate driver of the car that did the rear-end job jumped out in the pouring rain and hollered in the window of the car he hit, "What in the hell did you stop in the middle of the road for!"

"I ain't in the damned road, fool," declared a man who was so big that it looked like three people got out of the car in the blur of my rear view mirror. The first guy shut up like the wide-mouthed frog in the old joke. It was so comical that even though I had something important to do I hung around in case the police needed an eye witness. Of course, that man in error was not as big a fool as the man in the right was a big man so everything calmed right down even before the rain slowed down enough for the geography of the situation to be seen. With that, I'll give you a little advice. When the visibility decreases to 15' and you feel that you have to pull off the road, put on your four way blinkers, and if they won't work, turn on your lights.

Fortunately, just as I reached the decision that we were fixing to have to stop, I barely saw the gravel driveway of the little public park at Newport (that's Newport, Florida... not where the WoodenBoat show was) and pulled in. I knew the Rescue Minor was filling up with water at an alarming rate so I got out in the driving rain to rig up the bilge pump... had to do it twice. As soon as I got one foot on the trailer fender and the other over the rail a stroke of lightning hit something across the road so loud that it made my ears ring. You know how they say lightning doesn't strike the same place twice? Don't you believe it. Many a time I have seen lightning strike from exactly the same place to exactly the same other place and use exactly the same pathway not just twice but four or five times. Of course, the one that put me back in the truck only struck twice.

Wouldn't you know it, as soon as I got my nerve up and rigged the pump it slacked off some. I looked around pretty good, then took off my clothes and wrung them out and put them back on and we started on our way again. It was still raining pretty hard and the windshield had gotten to that stage where the fog cannot be wiped off and we didn't have any Coca Cola (which will stop that) but the

road is hardly ever traveled and I could see pretty good if Jane kept wiping the inside while the windshield wipers worked on the outside and we drove for about another hour before we finally ran out from under it. I could see the bilge pump cycling over the side about every ten minutes.

When we got to where we could see the ocean we could tell which way the storm was moving and realized that we better get moving, too. The storm was moving to the west (which is unusual) just like us. We figured that if we hauled ass and didn't waste a second we might barely be able to beat it to the island, and we did. Just as soon as we got unloaded and out to the island and anchored up right, here it came down the bay about 25 knots and just as black as before. We went through the same storm twice and I would like to tell you that the second time was better than the first, but dammit if the neighbor's little aluminum boat didn't drag anchor down and hang up on my inshore line. When that happens, and it happens often, a boat will slide down the line until it gets to my boat and then it'll try to gnaw chunks out of it, so I trotted down in the hard driving rain to unhook him.

What he had was one of those little rubber-coated navy anchors like you buy at WalMart. It might have weighed four pounds and wouldn't hold a Chihuahua dog. As soon as I got back in the house and was wringing out my clothes for the second time, damned if the wind didn't switch exactly 180 degrees and the little boat came dragging back to where it came from and I had to go back and unhook it again. It is funny how lucky some people are.

That little boat has been dragging up and down the bay here all summer long and we haven't had enough south in the wind to take it to the mainland where it will eagerly be claimed as salvage, yet. The owner stays gone all the time. I'll keep an eye on it and if it looks like it might be fixing to come over on me again, I'll take some of my own ground tackle down there and anchor his damned boat for him. That way I won't have to do it but twice this trip.

This doesn't have anything to do with boats but it won't take long. My grandfather was a very modest man (maybe that's where I got it from) but he was a pretty good shot with a shotgun. One time he was telling some people how he had had a pretty good day bird hunting, "I killed four birds on the covey rise." What he meant was that he had shot four bobwhite quail when the dog flushed the birds and the covey erupted into the air and flew off to find a place to hide, a real feat especially since he shot a double barreled shotgun and had to reload both barrels before the birds got out of range. Because of his modesty and perfect credibility there were no expressions of doubt but the people couldn't think of anything to say. My grandfather continued... "I wouldn't have told you but... I did it twice."

Bob White Quail

Bob White quail are little birds that spend most of their time walking around on the ground sort of like chickens but they can fly about like a bullet. They stay in little family groups all winter long and only split up to pair off in the late spring, "Bob White" is what they say to each other during that time. Little boys used to get my goat with too much of that "Bob White" business when I

was a little boy and some of them overstepped themselves.

Though quail look like little chickens (especially on the plate) they are as smart as all-get-out and cannot normally be killed without a good bird dog, and a real good bird dog is worth about ten thousand bucks! The quail have the fortitude to stay hidden until the last possible second.

One time I was mowing the pecan grove with my tractor when I flushed a daddy quail and all his brood (the father raises the chicks). Baby quail can fly when they are no larger than a bumble bee. Anyway, they flew out into the part that I had already mowed and I was fortunate enough to see exactly where they landed so I shut off the tractor and sat and watched. They stayed hidden for about 20 minutes and I could not see a single one until they gradually started to go on

about their business. When I started the tractor and started mowing again they flew out into the part that hadn't been mowed and I would have worried that I might mow them but I don't believe you could run over a baby quail with a motocross motorcycle, let alone a two-cylinder John Deere so I kept on..

When I shut down to walk home to eat my lunch, I flushed them again and the little chicks flew right to the tractor and hid under the mower. I slipped back as quietly as I could and started the tractor and raised the mower (420 John Deere's had a hydraulic lift three point hitch) to see if I could find them in the short grass. After I had pulled up out of the way, even after close scrutiny from the advantageous height of the tractor seat, I couldn't see them so I figured that they had run out into the tall grass on one side of the mower and were hidden there so I got off the

tractor to go flush them so I could find out how far they had had to go to feel safe. Damned if they weren't still hidden exactly where the mower had been and they only flew when I almost stepped on one of them. They flew exactly where their daddy was calling.

When I, with my shotgun (but without my dog... I ain't got no spare ten grand) finally get too close to the hidden covey that I think I know where is, I will almost step on one before the whole family erupts from the bushes with such a roar that, despite the fact I knew it was going to happen, it'll put a good bit of stress on the anal sphincter and I certainly won't be able to pull myself together well enough to hit one of the little flying bombs... let alone two... and then another two and do it twice.

Finally some real progress on my little skipjack. Although it doesn't appear so, I have been spending most of my free time working on her. I had some problems getting the sheer and chine log to align properly, but finally got things squared and faired. That took much more time than I anticipated. By the time this is published the hull will be epoxied, sanded, painted, and turned over. And much more progress made.

I found some unusual plywood that I am using for the hull and deck. I have never heard of this plywood, and I'm not sure how it will work, but it seems like good stuff. It is called several names, such as, (locally) thruwood named after Thruway Hardwood and Plywood, where I purchased it. Some call it obechi, or white mahogany. It is technically moraceae ficus, a fig variety. It has a light blond color and has a grain like lauan, with solid cores and exterior phenolic glue. It is a tropical hardwood from South America.

Bottom panel sections before butting.



Dreamcatcher Part 3

By Greg Grundtisch

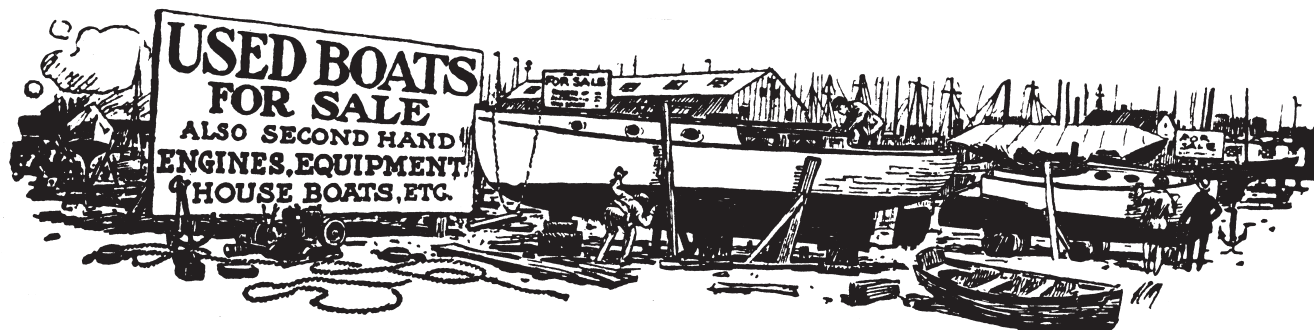


Sheer and chine logs on.

I am using 1/2" 7 ply (12mm actually). It comes in 10' panels, which eliminated an extra butt joint that 8' panels would require. It comes in 8', 10' and 12' lengths with 4' and 5' widths. The real impressive thing is its cost; a 4'x10' 12mm sheet is \$45. A 3/8 equivalent, 4'x8' is only \$22. I know it's plywood and it gets some folks excited as a choice for boat building material, but it does save time in the building process, and it is inexpensive, even with the added cost of epoxy and glass cloth. It is a hard chine boat that lends itself well to plywood construction. The price for suitable wood has gone way up in the last few years due to various market demands both here and overseas, and makes the cost prohibitive.

Anyway, it's going to be a good little boat even if the pictures don't look like much right now, and it will probably last longer than I will.

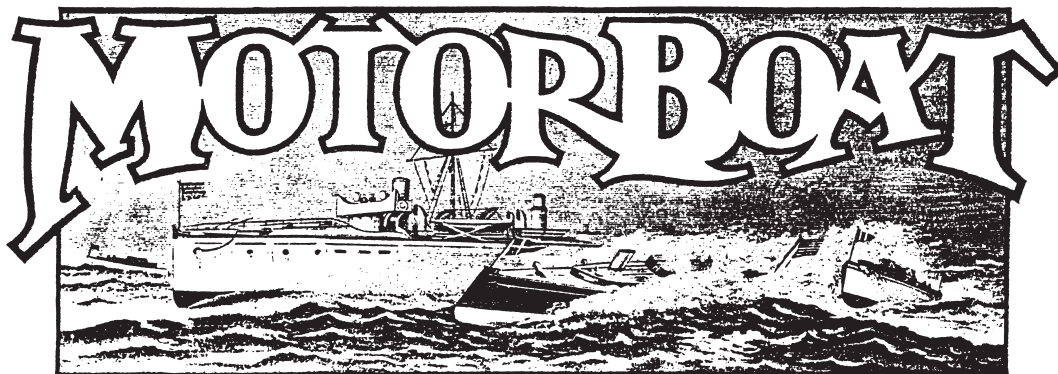
Rough fitting bottom and side panels.



Roll Over Rover

Hugh Ware of "Beyond the Horizon" recently received this set of photos from Mark Freeman of the Fremont Tugboat Co. of a new USCG rescue boat undergoing rollover tests and thought you'd perhaps find them of some interest.





The 1990 *Motor Boat* logotype with its fleet of Edwardian powerboats and “uncommon dramatic flair!”

Halcyon Days

Part 2

Weston Farmer

I got into the boating game ornithologically. This was because at an early age I was wise enough to select the stork which brought me to the home of Mrs. Matt Farmer. She was the daughter of Kneut Neutson who, in 1902, as the General Agent of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, and suffering from hay fever greatly, had established a hay fever camp on Rock Harbor, Isle Royale, out in the upper middle of Lake Superior. Here he found complete relief.

This family holding for a few chosen senator and doctor friends of my grandfather soon evolved into Rock Harbor Lodge, eventually put on the map as the famed Lake Superior spa by my mother, a woman of uncommon vitality and beauty. I grew up there in an idyllic boyhood on the big water of Gitchee Gumee and my earliest recollection of a boat was the family steam launch, *Atalanta*, built in 1902 by the Moline Boiler Works to classic steam launch specs.

I remember the delicious smell near the hotel dock when *Atalanta* was being fired up for a picnic down Rock Harbor to Mott Island or to old Rock Harbor lighthouse, the aroma of foam and wet driftwood on the shore, the odor of hot 600-W oil as wisps of steam escaped from the boiler trycocks. It was better than the smell of breakfast.

Gamps Neutson was one hell of a man; big, hearty, a good money maker. I was his inseparable companion. At age 11 he gave me a 16' clinker-built launch powered with a 2hp Caille Perfection engine. Everybody called this outfit the *Haywire*.

Haywire and I became inseparable, a matched team. Our only chore was to catch the morning trout to feed my pet eagle, Pete, a fractious bald eagle chick I had bought from a fisherman for a dollar when I spied him tethered to a rock in a bush by a piece of mader line that had stunted his left leg. Having fed Pete his daily fish, which chore never took over a ten-minute run with a trolling spoon, there remained only a single inflexible responsibility: Just be home by supper!

Haywire and I would then proceed upon the day's sailing orders: Let's see how close we can run to the dock without hitting it. Or there would be an aimless half hour in Snug

Harbor reversing on the spark. The Caille would slow down to a speed when the holes in the flywheel were visible then, quickly now, press the timer button, then flip her the other way and release the spark button. The thunder under *Haywire's* stern was gratifying as the mighty 12" propeller protested at all this reverse steamboating. Logging for pulp sticks off the beaches might be next, or seining a tadpole pool in the rocks for brook trout bait might be interesting. Or picking out a small island I liked and chiseling my name and date into a prominent rock to later claim the whole island when I had money. I was early learning all the things men learn they must not do when they grow up.

Somewhere along in here the wheel of memory comes up with the probable turning point in life. I was a committed sailor and motorboat man. One day, rounding Blake's Point at the northeast end of Isle Royale, I perceived the dim, thin blue outline of a foreign shore. Canada.

Supper or no supper, I measured the gas in the tank, then resolved to run foreign until the halfway mark and then come back again. A 10-gal. tank in a small launch will run a hp Caille Perfection engine forever and one month more. I tasted the poles of each of the Red Seal dry cells with my tongue. They tasted vinegary and full of snap on the infallible ammeter. I remembered the old dockside gas engine formula: “If she's got the gas and got the spark, she's gotta go.” So *Haywire* and I took off. It was about nine in the morning. The weather held all day.

After exploring Point Porphyry off Thunder Cape, we returned past Trowbridge Island in the afternoon... huh! A lighthouse here, eh, and pap-pap-papped back to Blake's Point and into Rock Harbor only to have the delicious accomplishment wet down by an irate mother, family, guests, and bureaucracy in general. I had missed supper, the alarm was out.

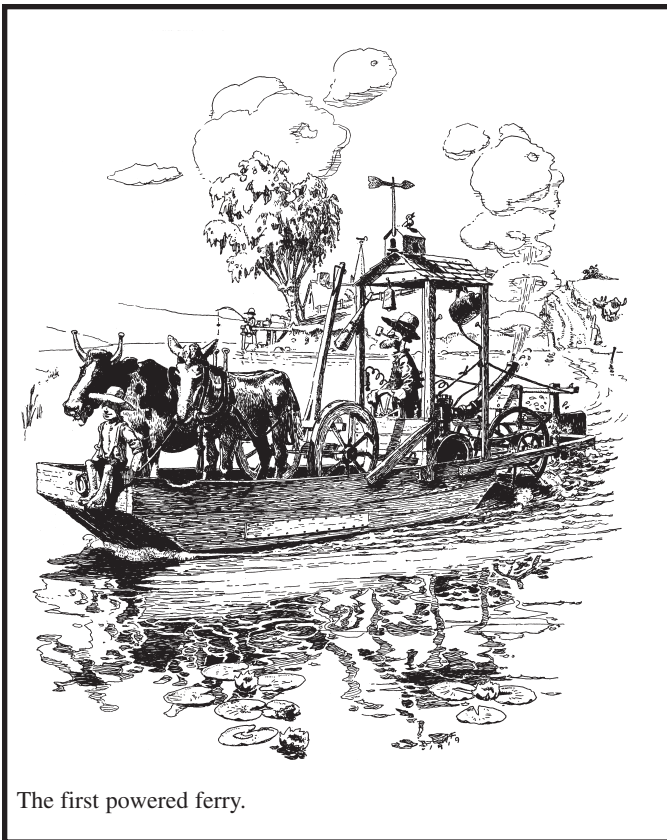
The woes of Sisyphus are joys compared to the travails of a boy beached without his boat. For the rest of the summer I ROWED to catch that eagle his trout. And here Fate intervened. A northeaster blew up, one of those three-day soggy blows that wets down the woods and sends gray horses of seas coursing up the harbor. I fell to reading.

In my hands were two fateful pieces of literature. One was a 1909 copy of the magazine *Motor Boat*, several years old, on the cover of which was a steel engraved logotype which showed an unlikely fleet of large powerboats doing 40kts through a raging sea. These were seen just as they were banking in flank turn around a mark placed a thousand miles offshore by a thoughtful publisher. The second piece was a catalog I had received from the Brooks Boat Company of Saginaw, Michigan, the original knock-down boat suppliers.

In the Brooks catalog there was a 20' power dory that took my eyes. I yearned for that 2hp dory so hungrily I can still taste the desire. The whole boat, with engine, cost \$200 which, to an 11-year-old, part-time resort bellhop, was \$199.50 more than all the money in the entire world. To the Brooks catalog and to that *Motor Boat* logo I owe my first mighty vow of boyhood: I must become a millionaire, not immediately, but preferably after the storm was over and, at any rate, by the time I was 18. Then came a corollary proposition. To spend this money wisely I must become a naval architect. By this clever stratagem I could avoid paying naval architect's fees for designing all the motorboats I was going to need.

Although the million got derailed, the star of naval architecture always shone high along the track of life. It led me to an apprenticeship, at first behind a broom and later behind a drawing board, in a typical oldtime boatshop and to a career as a naval architect that continues under full steam. And today (1975) I realize that, between boyhood boating in Gamps Neutson's steam launch and the work on my drawing board at the moment, I've lived with almost the entire development of motor boating. You never know what influence a picture may have. That logotype had uncommon dramatic flair and immense reader hook. As I view it today, in my snappy 70s, it still has.

The first man to take me seriously when I applied for an apprenticeship in a boat shop was old Jean Ramaley of the Ramaley Boat Works. He had electric blue eyes that would rate a man to a quarter of a cent faster than Dun & Bradstreet could judge Morgan to the nearest million. You had better have clean



The first powered ferry.

underwear talking to Jean, Buddy. You just better had! He'd see right through you with an X-ray glance.

I'll tell you how they built boats in those days next issue, what wages were, and some of the hoopla and pain of being a pretty young male nasturtium gaining ascendancy among a bunch of competent old-time builders in the days when horses and steamers waited at the station for the evening train to come in, and when rich kids lolled aboard Dad's posh launch, waiting to throw in the clutch and swoosh off madly in all directions.

Those early days of romance were as honest as moonlight and song. All you needed was a striped blazer, a motorboat, and a mandolin for the girl to be yours. I can hardly wait to tell you!



One of a series of Holy Island boat sheds made from overturned herring fishing boats, Northumbria, UK © Alexander Bridge



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Immoral? Of course! Dishonest? Absolutely! Fun? You bet! And so the name Annie at first recalls all these wonderful things. Secondly it brings to mind and the mind's eye a lovely little Fenwick Williams yawl designed back in the early '30s. She was small and pretty and yet a true oceangoing boat.

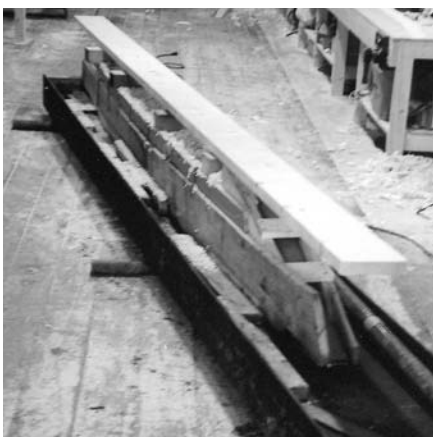
What a surprise to find her over at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts. A hull and deck. A lovely skylight. Parts of a cabin. Parts of a cockpit. Part interior. Unfinished, but a superb example of boatbuilding skill. She had a beautiful shape and was beautifully built. She had great buoyancy and strength and would be just right for cruising, including offshore passagemaking. She was for sale for short money and I spent many hours going over her. Just what I wanted. But the reality is that I would have to sell my Stonehorse to raise the dough and then spend the next four to five years of free time and whatever money there was to finish her. I made a purely rational decision not to buy. It was rational by default. I was just afraid of my wife.

Somebody bought her and she was gone. A year or maybe a year-and-a-half passed when I had a call about would I be interested in finishing a boat in Gloucester. And so I met William and Josh and there was Annie! They were good guys. They spoke directly and without pretense. They asked what I thought about changing the design by enlarging the cockpit and moving the cabin forward. It was exactly what I would have done. What about money?

I said, "Well, Mr. T., just give me all of your money and let me have my way with your daughter and everything will be just fine." And then aloud I said, "Look, I'll build whatever you want, just don't tell me in January that you're out of money. Give me fair warning so I don't wind up in a big hole." Josh was to work as time permitted. We proceeded on the basis of a brief conversation and a handshake.

The Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center occupies the site of the oldest marine railway in the country. The railway is still in use. The old ice house is now the boathouse. It sits at the foot of the pier overlooking Gloucester Harbor. Big barn doors open towards the inner harbor and a picture window overlooks the entrance to the inner harbor. There is heat in the building. Annie lay in the boathouse. I couldn't believe I had this job. Only other people, spoiled people, get jobs like this.

The mold for the keel casting.



Getting it Right Building the *Sarah M. Derby*

By Paul Schwartz



The bare hull as found.

Hmmmm. It was a great job but there was the inevitable rotten part. It ate up over 200 hours of unbillable time. Some was grumbling with weird friends, some was the usual free time thrown into any project, but most was talking with curious tourists. Most had never seen a place like Gloucester or seen anyone working on a wooden boat. Adults seemed intrigued and the kids always loved it. Many were attracted by the big schooner *Adventure* on the marine railway or the swordfishing vessel *Lady Grace* on the dock. *Lady Grace* starred as the *Andrea Gail* in the embarrassingly bad film *The Perfect Storm*. Some scenes in that film were shot just outside the boathouse.

That film introduced many people to the fishing industry. The time spent talking with tourists was voluntary, a bit altruistic, but mostly self promotion as I was expecting to get a little publicity out of it, hoping to generate more work. I was disappointed that the completion of that boat was never mentioned in any Heritage Center literature, especially since it was the first boat to come out of the

The finished casting came out pretty good.



boathouse. It seemed that any institution of that sort would have been thrilled to have a traditional boat being built on site.

That assumption was a costly mistake. It's true that the rent wasn't coming out of my pocket but a temporary building could have been purchased for a lot less. The wasted time drove me nuts. I just wanted to get the thing finished but as the weather improved the interruptions increased to the point that it became extremely frustrating. All the boatbuilders who I know who had similar experiences knew exactly how that was.

Demolition was the first order of business. Usually this is a quick and dirty affair. It was dirty enough to be comfortable but quick it wasn't. The sonofabitch was built like a tank. There were epoxy and screws and threaded stainless steel rod everywhere. It all put up a fight on the way out. I admired the builder and hoped he would be injured. Cabin top gone. Sides gone. Skylight gone. Interior gone. Sounds quick and easy, right?

There was no ballast keel so an old lead keel was found. Josh had the job of cutting it up. A chainsaw cuts lead like butter. Hidden inside this keel were thick stainless steel rods as well as 1/2"x3"-4" steel bar stock. Instant death to chainsaw blades. Thirteen blades and countless sharpenings later, plus some delicate sawzall work, it was cut into manageable pieces. I made up a pine mould that was placed in a large steel "I" beam. The ends of the beam were capped in case of a blow-out and everything was set level and secure. Atop some twisted old heavy iron stuff an old 250-gal. oil tank was set up. There was a door at the top for loading and to contain fumes. A few people were poisoned but they weren't very good anyway. This would be about 1,000lbs. of extra lead added to offset the lightness of the hull. A hot pine cordwood fire had it cooked and cast in about three hours. We done it at a secret location where there is no E.P.A.

For Josh a wonderful opportunity presented itself to get exactly what he wanted in his own boat. He and William and I discussed various aspects of the design. I tried to confine myself to expressing my opinion and qualifying it with, "but it's your boat and your wallet." They were great to work with. Both of them are visual, articulate, and generally pretty sensible.

I came to like William greatly after he told me about his experience with having a real job. He had a wife and two kids and a job as sales manager for some corporation. He hated it. The end came when he organized

some big convention and never went to it but just stayed in some bar, drunk, for two days. So much for real jobs. William tended to be full of it more often than Josh but I'd listen respectfully since I figured he had something to do with my getting paid.

Josh was particularly great. He's a musician and instrument maker so the earth is a strange place for him. He had a cell phone that he only answers sometimes and is intermittent about responding to messages. We share this approach. He knows what's important. He appreciates the quality of experience. Josh could look at something and see it clearly and express it simply. We hit it right off and the whole thing worked out great. I've been working with people for many years and these two are amongst the three best.

Early on the decision was made to rig her as a sloop. She'd be simpler, cheaper, faster, and more weatherly. Harold Burnham drew up a sail plan and agreed to make the sails. He got a thousand bucks for a deposit. Then William suggested putting the mast in a hinged tabernacle. I've done a lot of weird woodworking and structural work. Some of it was intentional. So the idea was intriguing. I mentioned it to Harold. He's regarded as a traditionalist and well-known for building three schooners recently down in Essex.

Both his parents are very bright. Harold shows that Darwin was wrong. This comment should not be construed as an endorsement of Creationism, however, as it is it is exceedingly difficult to accept the idea that a benevolent and all knowing Creator would come up with someone like Harold. His response to that idea was "No %!)(* way! I'll rip up the **A#@0** check! You can't do this to that boat!" He was easy to understand. The spar would be regular. William's idea was truly awful.

Stanley Dulong did the standing rigging. Stanley is 87 years old and has been a rigger his whole life. Stanley conveys serenity and wisdom. His loft used to be right here at the Center in the machinery building that sits at the head of the railway above what is now Gino Mondello's dory shop. Stanley's loft was lost in a fire some years back. He's rigged plenty of schooners, draggers, and everything else. He did the rigging for Irving Johnson when *Yankee* was homeported in Gloucester. Stanley speaks respectfully of "Captain Johnson." In recent years he rigged the schooners *Thomas Lannon*, *Lewis Story*, and *Fame*, all built in Essex by Harold Burnham.

Stanley did beautiful work for this boat. He came down to the shop with a piece of string and looped it around the mast at the hounds and tied a knot to measure for the eyesplices. He measured for the gaff span the same way. He leathered those eyes. All the wire is 3/8 stainless steel spliced, served, tarred, and painted black. The only shiny stainless on this boat is the forestay and that will dull out in time. All of Stanley's rigging looks exactly right. Beautiful work! The rest of the rigging is all traditional stuff. Josh and I spliced up all the running rigging.

Arthur Dauphinee up in Nova Scotia made the blocks. They are oiled lignum vitae with bronze straps, sheaves, straps, rings, and shackles. I didn't want to waste his time with a bunch of phone calls so I sent him a thousand bucks and a note saying a block list would be forthcoming. He produced superb blocks at realistic prices. He has solid opin-

ions. I wanted some blocks with upset side shackles. He said it was no good. "You need three heats and it makes them too weak!" I told him it was for a small 24' yacht so there wouldn't be much strain. He wouldn't do it. He said he'd put rings in them and that would give them enough movement. Of course, he was right.

The turnbuckles, chainplates, mast rings, bowsprit tangs, shroud tangs, etc., are all English bronze stuff supplied by R&W Rope down New Bedford, Massachusetts. Bowsprit rollers, navigation lights, cowl vents, and all other hardware are also bronze supplied by the same guys. The hardest items to find were the silicon bronze gronicles. An old Danish guy seems to be the last one making them. I suppose the market is limited but it's difficult to imagine a traditional boat looking right without proper gronicles. R&W also supplied wonderful hemp colored three strand Dacron rope. There are a couple of locust pinrails on the shrouds so everything makes up out of the way.

The gooseneck was the one important bronze item that might prove hard to find. On the cover jacket of *The Book of Wooden Boats* there's one that looks just right and inside there's a great photo of it. Art Brendze built that particular Annie but when I asked around about him nobody seemed to know where he was or what became of him. The rumor was that he gave up boatbuilding and became a therapist somewhere out in California. I wondered what kind of a weirdo would leave the harsh New England climate and move to a place as pleasant as California. The idea of giving up boatbuilding to become a therapist seemed utterly incomprehensible. I figured the guy was deranged. If it came down to it I'd make a pattern and have one cast up in Amesbury. We could use gaff jaws. For the time being there was enough of everything else to consider.

The spars were made next because someone was due to start building a 32' gig in the boatshop. With two large boats in there making spars would be a pain in the ass. I went up to a lumber yard that moves a big volume of framing lumber and picked through a new lift of 22' 2"x10" spruce. A dozen or so beautiful pieces were found that were nearly clear or had small knots and

good grain. I set them aside and told them to ship them whenever they were heading to Gloucester.

Next week a pile of crap arrived. I was upset at first but quickly realized that we all make mistakes. A new batch would have to be picked and the responsible party Bobbittized. I went back up to the yard and this time went through two lifts of 22' 2"x10" to get a dozen pieces that were okay. They weren't as good as the first batch.

The spars were glued up solid and square except that a wire chase was left in the mast. Titebond 2 waterproof yellow glue was used and each section was snugged down with about 30 clamps. After gluing, the spars were cut straight and square with a skillsaw and then eight-sided the same way. Sixteen siding and rounding was done with a draw knife and hand planes.

The mast is cylindrical up to the hounds and tapers from there to the head. The boom and gaff are straight along the sail but otherwise are thickest about two-thirds of the way out. That is achieved with a sprung line and not a straight taper. In other words, they have a banana shape other than along the sail. The bowsprit is eight-sided and then becomes a tapered round.

Harold Burnham lent me his "Sand-a-Matic E-Z" for final sanding. This thing is a monstrosity heavy old drill chucked onto a steel rod. First on the rod is a plywood disk, next comes a lawn tractor tire, then a loose fitting pipe for a handle, and finally a washer and nut to hold it all together. The drill gets turned upside down and a long pipe is fitted over the pipe handle of the drill to act as a support pedestal. A 4"x48" sanding belt is turned inside out and put around the mast and the tractor tire. A little tension is put on the belt, the trigger gets pulled, and the sonofabitch sands like nothing you ever saw.

The hounds are 2" thick mahogany set into gains on the mast. The hounds and gains were epoxied for waterproofing and left to cure. They weren't glued with epoxy but were glued and bedded with urethane caulking, screwed with #20 bronze screws, and riveted with 1/2" copper rod. The spars were varnished, the top of the mast and the end of the bowsprit were painted white, and there's a red ring between the white and the varnish

Josh varnishing the spars.





The author sanding the mast with Harold Burnham's "Sanda-Matic EX."

on the bowsprit.

Stumpy the cat is a Maritime Heritage Center resident. Stumpy has no tail and no known history. Paul in the dive shop feeds him and tries to get him inside on cold winter nights. Pigeons live under the pier and Stumpy is a pigeon enthusiast. I once saw a pigeon come shooting out from under the planks trailing feathers while Stumpy ran to the exit spot with an "almost!" expression. Stumpy enjoys seafood of all varieties. He also likes early morning attention and lunch-eons on the steps facing the harbor.

Making spars produces vast amounts of shavings. Shavings or pine sawdust make great sweeping compound. You can see all the dirt it picks up. Stumpy would sometimes sneak into the boathouse, casually explore a pile of shavings, and then squeeze one out while looking straight at me from 3' away. Stumpy was clearly Republican. He became unwelcome in the boathouse.

The engine is an 18 horse Yanmar. It's a superb engine and can be hand started. The thing about boats and their gear is that they should be dependable, durable, and able to be serviced or repaired on the spot with stuff at hand. There's plenty of space around this engine for working. The engine hatch is bigger than the engine and quite wide on the forward end where most of the service goes on. The partial bulkhead below is wide open in way of the engine. The battery and spares box fit on a shelf portside. Wires, cables, and hoses are tied and neatly arranged. Water and fuel shutoffs are at hand as is the battery switch. The engine coupling is aligned to six thousandths of an inch and a flexible drive-saver is installed. The original coupling bolts are with the spares and there's just enough extra length in the shaft to make up the coupling if the drive-saver disintegrates. A bronze stem casting with water scoops houses the cutlass bearing. A second water feed enters the stem tube just behind the stuffing box.

A lot of people envied the installation. It went pretty good except while boring for the stem tube. I started from astern and bored quite far before hitting what seemed like screws. Checking from inside showed that a hole had been started and then plugged with

epoxy and filler. I was forced to bore from inside to join the two holes and use a rasp to correct a small misalignment. The exhaust loops up to the underside of the afterdeck then back down to the bootstripe outlet. That gives it plenty of elevation and there's a vent at the high point. A regular bronze tank vent and hose was used instead of those miserable vented loop contraptions. Those things always eventually stick.

Decking is cambarra dimensioned about 1-5/8"x3/4" laid fore and aft. It is screwed down and a urethane adhesive sealant runs along the perimeter of the underside and below each screw hole. Loose splines are fitted topped with green fineline tape acting as a bondbreaker. A rabbit provides a 1/4" caulking seam. Black polysulfide seam sealant was used and all joints were primed with a special and especially noxious primer. Urethane and polysulfide are from entirely separate chemical families but they are brethren in that they are both evil spawn of Satan. You can't even order this stuff by phone without getting it all over yourself, the truck, the house, and even your friend who you haven't seen for 20 years. Polysulfide is messy, but urethane is worse.

Anyway, the only real trouble with the boat has been with the deck seams opening up. It's baffling. The stuff was carefully gunned in following the bead and then tooled and of course it had been properly primed. It should have good chemical and mechanical bonding. The deck leaks. It will get fixed but thousands of bucks went into sealants and a lot of effort went into proper application. On my own boat I used two-part polysulfide and have had no problem except on the hatch where one part stuff was used. No more polysulfide from tubes for me.

Both the caprail and toerail are meranti which is a handsome and durable wood. The toerail is 1" thick and was shaped and bent cold. This boat has a lot of shape and the very full bow required some finesse. The stuff at the bow was split into 1/2" thick pieces to allow it to take the hard bend. This gluing was done with epoxy. A pile of clamps eased it all in. Half rounds and rabbets were milled into the 1-1/2" thick caprail stock which was

then split into bendable sections and laminated above the toerail. That rail has an outward sloping elliptical section which was shaped in place with planes. A lot of work went into this but it is certainly an important element. Heavy bronze hawse pipes penetrate the bows.

The house is varnished mahogany with oblong bronze ports. We added 2" to the drawn dimension of the sides and increased the crown of the cabin top. The minimum standing headroom is now 6' up to about 6'4" below the hatch. The stock for the cabin sides began as 2"x26-1/2"x16' Peruvian mahogany. We ripped it and then planed it to 1-1/4". It was steamed and bent over a form with excess bend. The trouble was that the distance from the steambox to the bench was fairly long and it was winter, and the bend was fairly modest, so those planks sprung back when pulled from the form. They were shaped on the bench and carefully pulled tight to the cornerposts and sills.

The other thing that made this hard was that there are no cabin top frames to bend against. The top is three layers of 1/4" okoume marine ply laminated with epoxy. This was laminated over a form and given excessive bend and, of course, it also sprung back to some extent. It is decked with cambarra. All the varnish work was first filled with marine red mahogany filler. It looks like an old boat. Poor workmanship helped a lot in this regard.

All the various items were coming together so it was time to track down that gooseneck. Someone said Brendze was out in Frisco. I called information and got his number. This guy turned out to be great in spite of being a recovered boatbuilder. He gave me Bill Peterson's phone number. It turned out that the phone reached Murray Peterson Associates and that Bill is Murray Peterson's brother. Murray Peterson was famous for his schooner designs. He happened to have one of the castings around and would have the machining done and send it forthwith. It was an extraordinary piece of luck!

We strengthened the cradle under the boat and got a ramp truck to pull it out of the

Foredeck details.



boathouse. Wood or pipe rollers were placed under the cradle and we used the truck winch, sledgehammers, and 5' crowbars to move it out of the boathouse and onto the truck. The small yard crane lifted it from the truck to the pier. We put blocks under the keel and jackstands each side. The mast was all rigged and ready to go so the crane set that right in. It was great to see her finally out in the open and ready to go.

We launched her on Josh's 30th birthday. A good-sized crane came down to swing her over the side. A small crowd of mostly Josh's friends and people from the waterfront attended. Phil Bolger commented that she floated exactly on her lines. What a treat!

We got her all finished up right at the float. William, Josh, and I took her out for a sail. She was outstanding! She moved right along without an ounce of fuss and was much more weatherly than ever expected. She left no wake and felt perfectly balanced. She had a light helm and a sweet motion and a strikingly pretty rig. She's a faster and better sailer than the yawl. The sloop rig carries about 20% to 25% more sail area and this, coupled with the light hull and increased weight of the ballast keel, make her point significantly higher and make her speedier. Her sailing abilities are much better than expected.

The comfort of this boat is extraordinary. Everything is out of the way. There are quarter tackles on the afterdeck and the jib sheet makes up portside just outside the cockpit. Cockpit benches are roomy and the bridge deck is big enough to sleep on. The halyards and jacklines lead to pinrails on the shrouds. There is nothing in the way of the deck or cabin top or cockpit. This is a 24' boat that can hold eight people and be sailed in complete comfort or be sailed across an ocean. I don't know of anything like it.

The Gloucester Schooner Festival was Labor Day weekend. The harbor filled with a good number of large and small schooners and a pile of traditional boats. The streets were filled with people, vendors, musicians, crafts, food, and all the stuff of festivals. Saturday was race day for traditional boats and Sunday featured schooner races. Saturday's wind blew nothing short of a full Monica. The new rig got a good stretch and the *Sarah M. Derby* handled it easily and comfortably. We had a novice passenger who was very impressed and very seasick so we returned early.

Sunday provided a good breeze and a beautiful spectacle. Under full sail the big schooners made their way out from the inner harbor, paraded before the crowded causeway, and beat out to the starting line off Eastern Point. The smaller schooners followed and behind them a spectator fleet of sail and power. The great square rigs of the *Picton Castle* and the *Friendship* dwarfed even the biggest schooners and made everything else seem slow. The whole harbor filled with not just sail but good looking sail. We set sail just off the Fort. The gig *Siren Song* was nearby and stood their oars to salute us. We had been berthed next to that gig for weeks. I found out later that they didn't even know it was us, they just thought we were an especially lovely boat. So a couple of approving comments from Phil Bolger who knows exactly what he's looking at and a spontaneous salute from a group of people who know nothing about what they're seeing tells me that we got it right.



Cockpit details.

Yep, she feels like we got it right!



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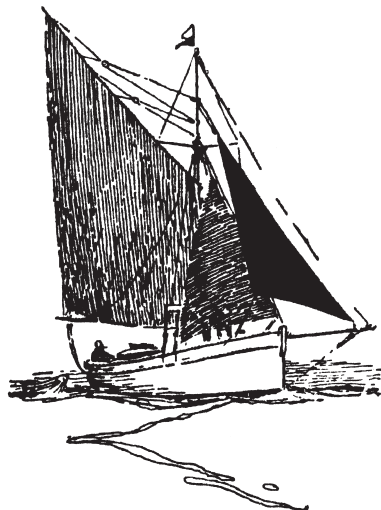
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Yacht Sails

From the U.S. Vintage Yacht Group
Newsletter

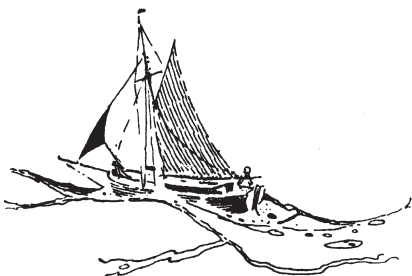
This 1939 book is by Terence North, who was trained on the full rigged ship *William Mitchell*. It contains a wealth of information on traditional sailmaking and was finished by his friends when he met with a fatal accident. The illustrations are by H.H.R. Etheridge and are a delight.

I have extracted here the section on sail terminology. While this follows U.K. practice, it is close enough to American terms to be useful. I'm sure all our members are salty enough dogs to know their raffee from a sprit, but just in case you want to brush up on your terminology, we offer this short course.
(Earl Boebert, Editor)



Jibs

Jibs are triangular sails, usually set flying from the bowsprit end and forward of the fore-staysail. They are also sometimes set hanked (attached with rings) to a jib-stay. Jibs are not reefed, reduction of sail being effected by setting a smaller sail. The No. 1 jib is the largest and the general working sail. The No. 2 jib is smaller, made of slightly heavier cloth, and is set when there is too much wind to carry the first jib, but insufficient to call for the use of the storm sail.



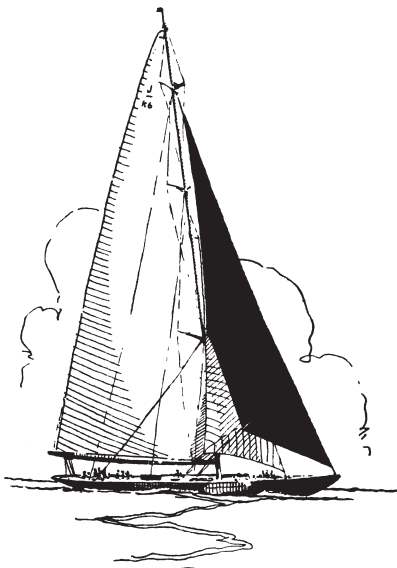
Storm or Spitfire Jib

The storm jib, which with the trysail is the most important sail in the ship, should be made of good flax canvas of a suitable weight dependent upon the size of the ship.



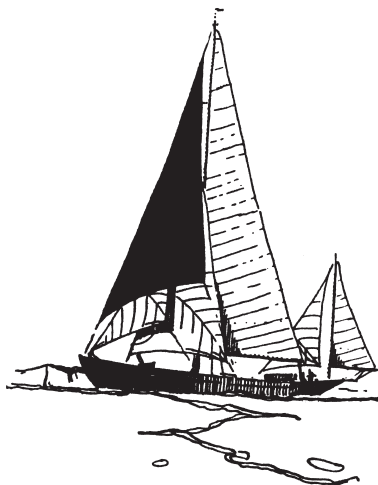
Jib Topsail

The jib topsail is used in fair weather with the wind free and will often stand on the wind if the breeze is steady and it is well sheeted.



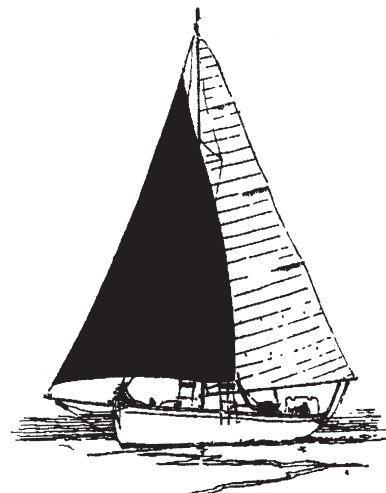
Quadrilateral Jib

I think that this sail was set for the first time in *Endeavour*, the America's Cup Challenger for 1934.



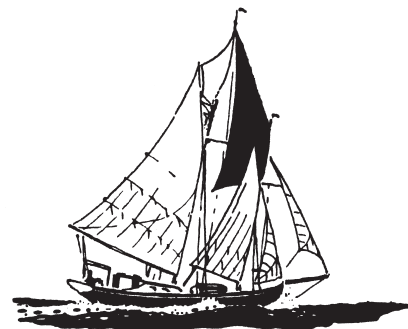
Yankee Jib Topsail

This is really a very large jib topsail for use in light winds, and would be replaced by the jib topsail when the breeze increased.



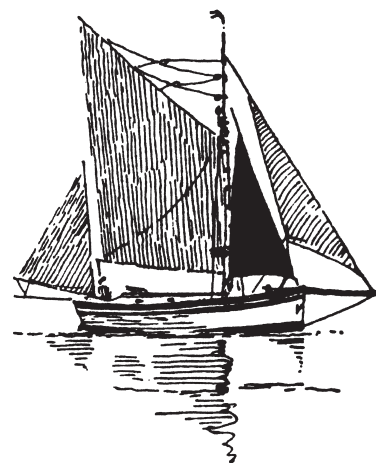
Genoa Jib

This sail has practically superseded the old balloon jibs, which could only be carried with free wind. Genoa jibs are meant for close hauled work, and are consequently made of considerably heavier and stronger canvas than was used for the balloon sails.



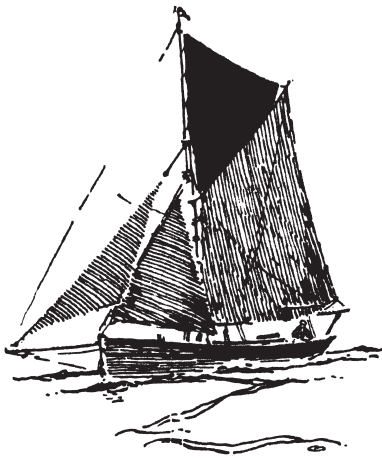
Fisherman's Staysail

The fisherman's staysail is generally used only with the wind free; i.e., reaching.



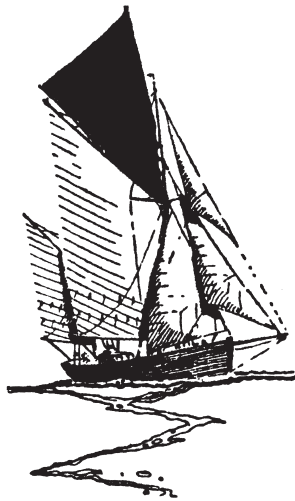
Fore-Staysail

This is the name of the triangular headsail of a yacht which is set on the forestay by means of hanks and is often called simply the foresail or the staysail.



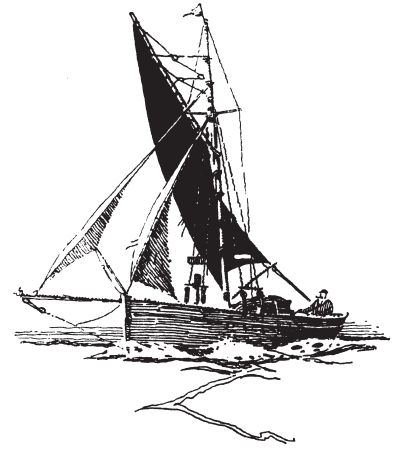
Jib Headed Topsail

Used off the wind and increases the after sail area. It can be set in a stiff breeze. It is probably the most useful type of topsail to have aboard, being the easiest to set and take in and not requiring yards. It can only be used, however, in vessels which have a sufficiently long topmast.

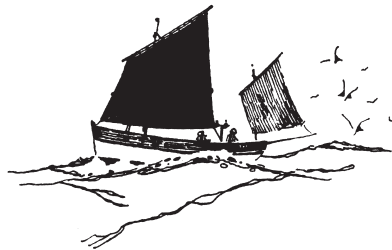


Jackyard Topsail

This type of topsail is in common use and is set in vessels having a pole mast. Where a tall topmast is carried there is no necessity for a topsail yard, the luff of one sail being laced to the topmast.

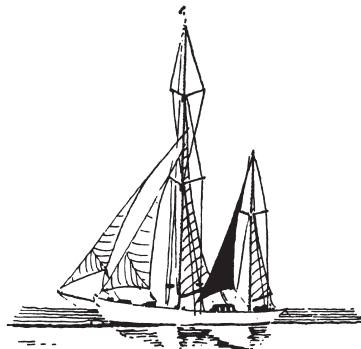


Gaff Mainsail (Loose Foot)



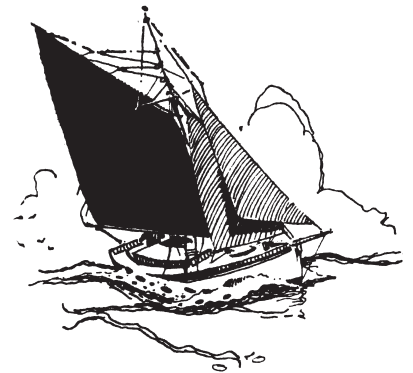
Dipping Lugsail

This is one of the old fashioned lug sails, and its particular difference from the "standing" and "gunter" is in the dipping of the yard to the new lee side of the mast when going about. It is invariably set loose footed, the tack usually being fastened to an iron hook on the stem or just abaft of it.



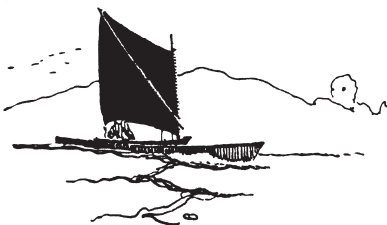
Mizen Staysail (Of a Yawl or Ketch)

A triangular fore and aft sail. It sets with hanks on the mizen stay which runs from the mizen mast head to the deck. This sail has of late been coming into favor in modern ocean racing yawls, particularly in the U.S.



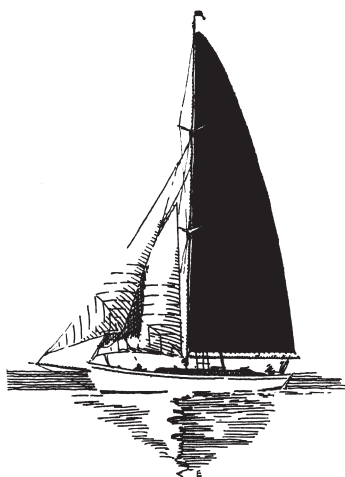
Gaff Mainsail (Laced Foot)

The principal sail of a gaff rigged cutter, ketch, sloop, yawl or schooner. The angle that the gaff makes with the topmast should be about 35 degrees. The proportions which the foot, head, and luff of a well shaped cutter's mainsail bear to each other are more or less relatively fixed. I have found from the perusal of many sail plans of gaff cutters that the proportion is relatively as follows. Taking the foot as a basis and calling it "1," the length of the luff is about .75 of this foot length and the length of the head about .63 of it.



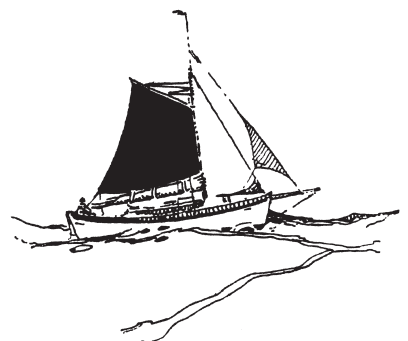
Spritsail

It is used exclusively as principal sail in the spritsail barges of the London River and is frequently seen in gunning punts and small fishing craft of the flat-bottomed type native to large enclosed harbours and estuaries. These boats are primarily pulling boats and only set sail with a fair wind and as the sprit sail is quickly set and stowed and does not entail the use of a lot of gear it has been found most suitable for the purpose.



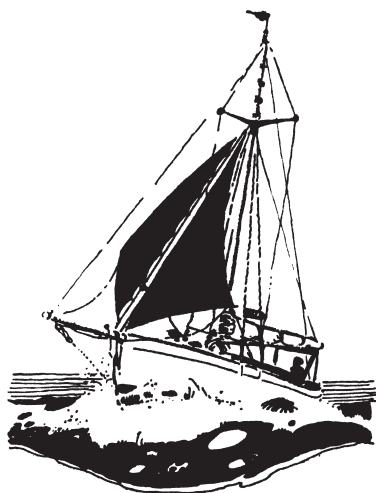
Bermudian Mainsail

Sometimes known as a "leg of mutton" sail, longer on the luff than the foot.



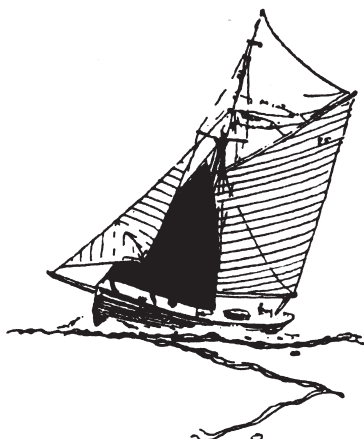
The Gaff Trysail

In trying to claw off a lee shore the gaff trysail is to be preferred as it sets better and has more driving power than the jib header.



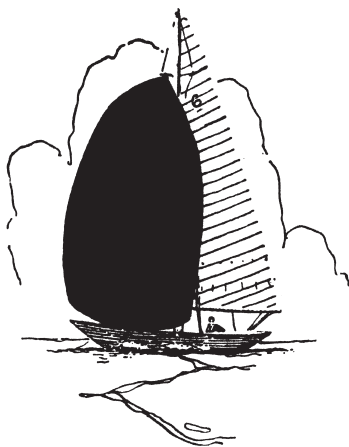
Double Fore-Topsail

This sail was used with success by Monsieur Marin Marie in his yacht *Wind-belle II* for the single handed passage made from Boulogne to New York. He records in his log a run of 26 days before the NE trades' during which time the helm was not touched.



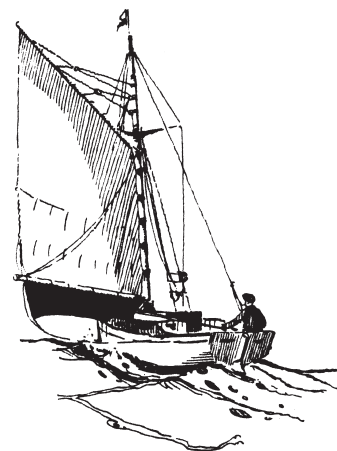
Reaching Foresail

No vessel should be without a reaching foresail, for in light to moderate winds it is a glorious sail. Its effect can be felt as soon as it is hoisted, it pulls away like a train and there is a wonderful amount of satisfaction to be gained from looking at its good flowing curves and tugging sheet.



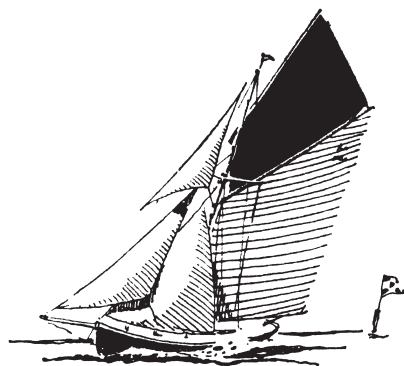
Parachute Spinnaker

This sail is cut with a large amount belly and has been termed a "Mae West" spinnaker by American professional yachtsmen. Circular anti-wind cushioning holes are sometimes cut it down the last. It is often set in large racing yachts, being practically confined to this type of vessel.



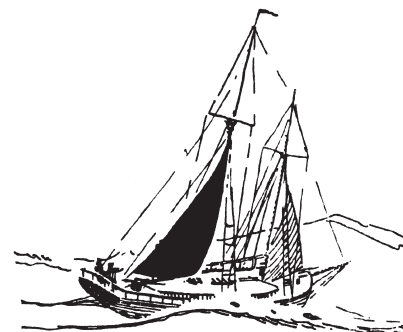
Watersail

This sail is seldom used these days. It is sometimes seen in use on Dutch barge yachts where it is used in fair weather when running and is laced to the mainsail boom. As far as I know, a watersail and a bonnet are two names for the same sail.



Yard Topsail

This is a very old-fashioned sail, and is not seen nowadays in yachts. All the London barges set a type of yard topsail although the yard in this instance is only 6 to 8 feet in length and is known as the "head stick."



Thimble Headed Trysail

Used by a yacht when there is too much wind for a fully reefed mainsail. This is the most important sail in the locker and very often the least cared for, owing, in many cases, to its infrequent use. When it is required, then it should be "all shipshape and Bristol fashion," for the vessel's very life may depend upon it. Its area should be approximately that of the close reefed mainsail and it should be provided with one deep reef.

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Squaresail

The sail is set when running and in extended ocean cruising, when many days are spent running before the Trades, a time when fore and aft rig would be subjected to a vast amount of chafe and wear, and when the headsails are of no practical use. There are several methods of rigging the gear for this sail, some yachtsmen preferring one method, some another. Many yachtsmen have discovered a particular method of setting the sail which best suits their vessel, some going so far as to proclaim it the only seamanlike way; for this reference, however, the adage "different ships, different long splices" has much truth in it.



The Rafee

The rafee is a fine weather sail used when running and is set over the square-sail. The following is an extract dealing with the rafee from Mr. Conor O'Briens book, *On Going to Sea in Yachts*: "I can't praise the rafee too highly. It is easy to hoist if you haven't got a foresail set as well; it comes down with certainty in any conditions; it pulls nobly four points off the wind if the sea is smooth enough to make such courses profitable, and it goes on pulling when you've rolled all the wind out of the fore-and-afters."

Editor Comments

This article appeared in the U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group's newsletter and I thought it was quite informative for those of us not well versed in the numerous permutations sails may take. Editor Earl Boebert generously agreed to share his find with us.)



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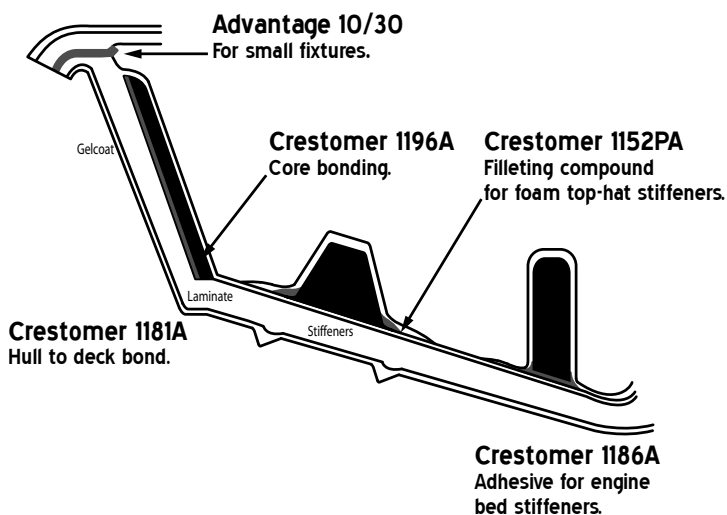
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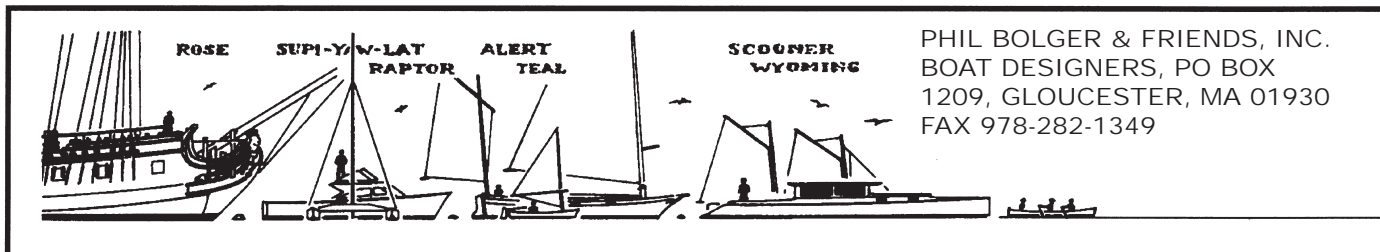
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In 1957 rowing was close to being a lost art. Good rowing boats had to be built custom one-off, and very few were being built that way. Children rowed, if at all, in dispiriting stubby punts and prams, and if adults were confronted with rowing at all, it was in massive Banks dories designed to carry a ton of fish or, here and there, as one oarsman in a replica surfboat. Or, of course, in racing-type boats which needed strict discipline and attention to nothing but putting out all the effort possible. Neither children nor adults had any experience available of relaxed recreational rowing.

Talking this over, my brother suggested that I design and he build a reasonably decent light pulling boat for his children. They would have it in their memory banks that rowing could be more than a chore to be suffered through if no motor, or sail for that matter, was available or would not serve. The poor photos shows my nephew at the oars with his younger sister in the stern sheets;

Bolger on Design

Poohsticks Children's Rowing Boat Design #10-111-57

they swapped places before and after and the still younger boys and girl eventually had their turn as the little boat lasted a long time, 30 years or so before it finally succumbed to rot.

Even as adults it was handy. Two adults was an overload for it, in the sense that it became somewhat sluggish, but for a single not-overweight adult, it was respectable. It could handle fairly choppy water if much of its load was kept close to amidships to leave the boat as free to pitch to the waves as possible.

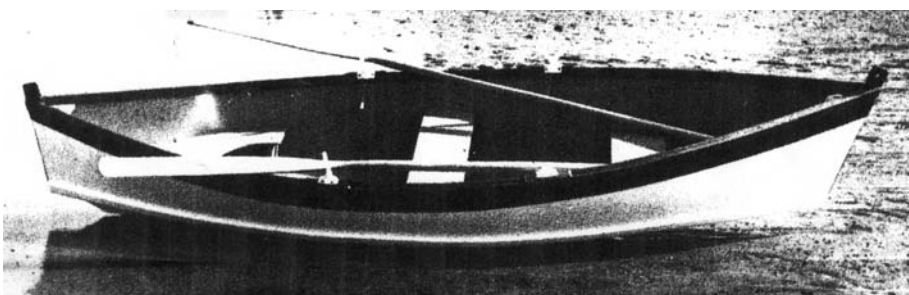
The shape, with the constant deadrise bottom, was picked to be quick to build (my brother was a good carpenter who could build any kind of shape, but he built boats because he wanted to use them, not because he enjoyed carpentry). It's not ideal for choppy water or with an overload because if the chine is driven through the water it generates high-drag eddies. In smooth water, with the chine carried clear of the surface, it's as good a shape as any. The sides of this hull have some twist because we raked the ends to angles that looked good to us, not to those that result from a constant flare. The result is that there is a slight "torturing" of the plywood panels, not a serious amount of it that makes them at all hard to spring in place.

More important to most people, there are no prefabrication expansions of the panels; the boat has to be lofted full size and set up on a ladder frame as the profile drawing indicates. In those days (47 years ago!) it was unusual for a designer to supply expansions and I was not taking the interest in the process that I developed later. My brother never did like working with prefabrication; I think he felt that it took away some of his control of what he was doing. He liked to pick up bevels, etc., from the loftwork as he worked.

This was the first design which featured the external chine logs that I used in a long series of designs later. The large-scale section of the chine construction shows the advantages of it: a better fastening angle for the bottom-to-chine screws and an easy-to-clean interior. I never could see that it made a noticeable difference in the speed of the boat, but nowadays a fiberglass-taped joint eliminates the mechanical fastenings and leaves the inside even cleaner since it can be coved out to eliminate the dirt and damp-catching angle entirely along with the rot-prone chine log. The keel joint would be done the same way, with no need for the wooden keel apron.

An overall fiberglass sheathing now eliminates the checking of which so many plywood boats have perished, at a very small penalty in added weight and cost. I suppose it could be argued that you then have a fiberglass boat with wood coring, but this construction does not call for committing to a mold, and uses a lot less resin and, in any case, what of it?

No positive buoyancy was called for at that time since the wood construction had inherent positive buoyancy enough to keep a swimmer afloat. If it had ever been completely swamped it might not have been easy, or even possible, to bail it out afloat unless the water was perfectly smooth. Nowadays it would be easy to give it enough positive buoyancy to be easily bailed out by glassing in closed-cell foam which is available cheaply anywhere (but was not when this boat was designed). The foam could be in the ends of



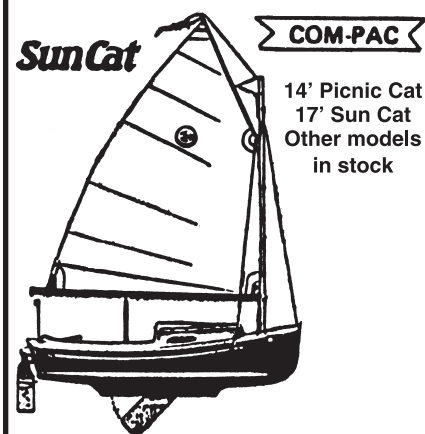
the hull or it could be in the form of sheet foam on the inside of the side panels. Putting it in the ends has the advantage that the boat can be easily righted from bottom up if the buoyancy is not spread out to the sides more than necessary. It's a bad idea to put positive buoyancy in the form of a buoyant bottom. That makes bottom-up a very stable position, as is fairly often seen!

A fair number of boats have been built to this design, but it was eclipsed by the later Teal (our Design #310) of about the same dimensions and similar style, which is not only designed for prefabrication, in effect a design for a kit, but has the panels laid out in such a way that the rowing version uses only two 4'x8' sheets of plywood. It does not row or carry weight as well as Poohsticks, can't handle as high a chop, and to my eye is not quite as pretty, but it's a consideration that the material cost is half or less and the labor time to build a Poohsticks would likely produce half a dozen or more Teals...

Plans of Poohsticks, our Design #10-11-57, are available for \$50 to build one boat, sent first-class mail, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. Plans of Teal, Design #310, are \$35 to build one boat.

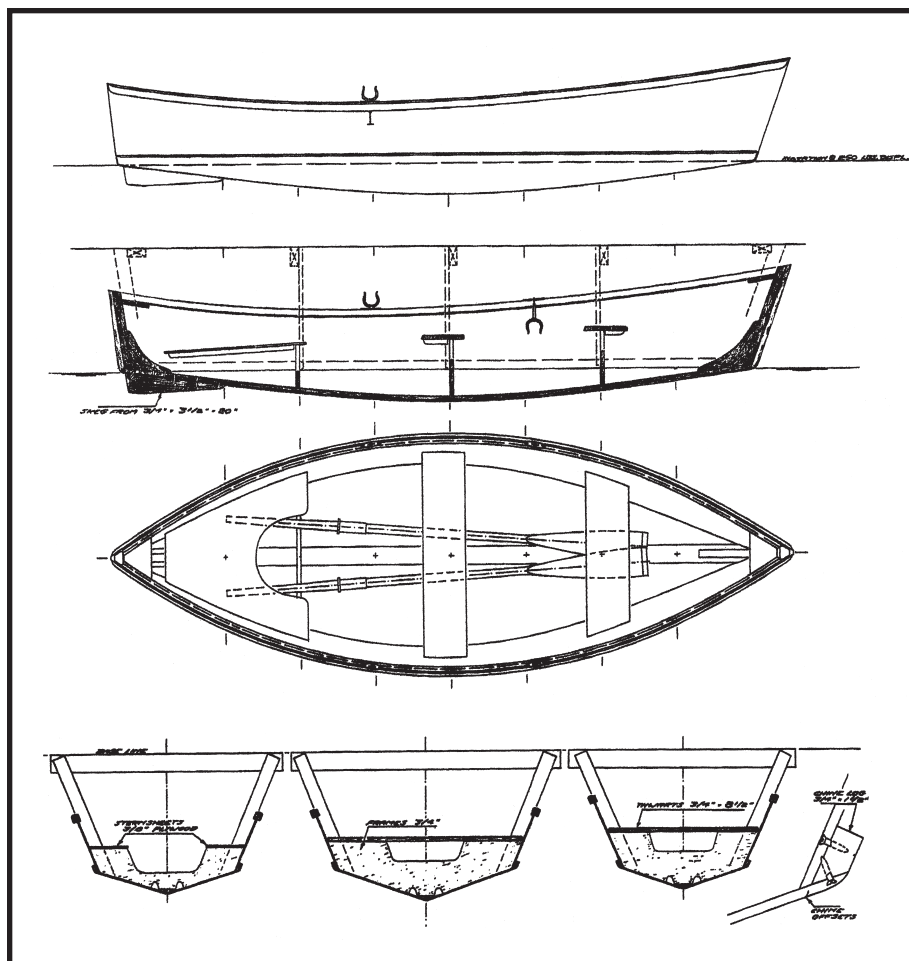


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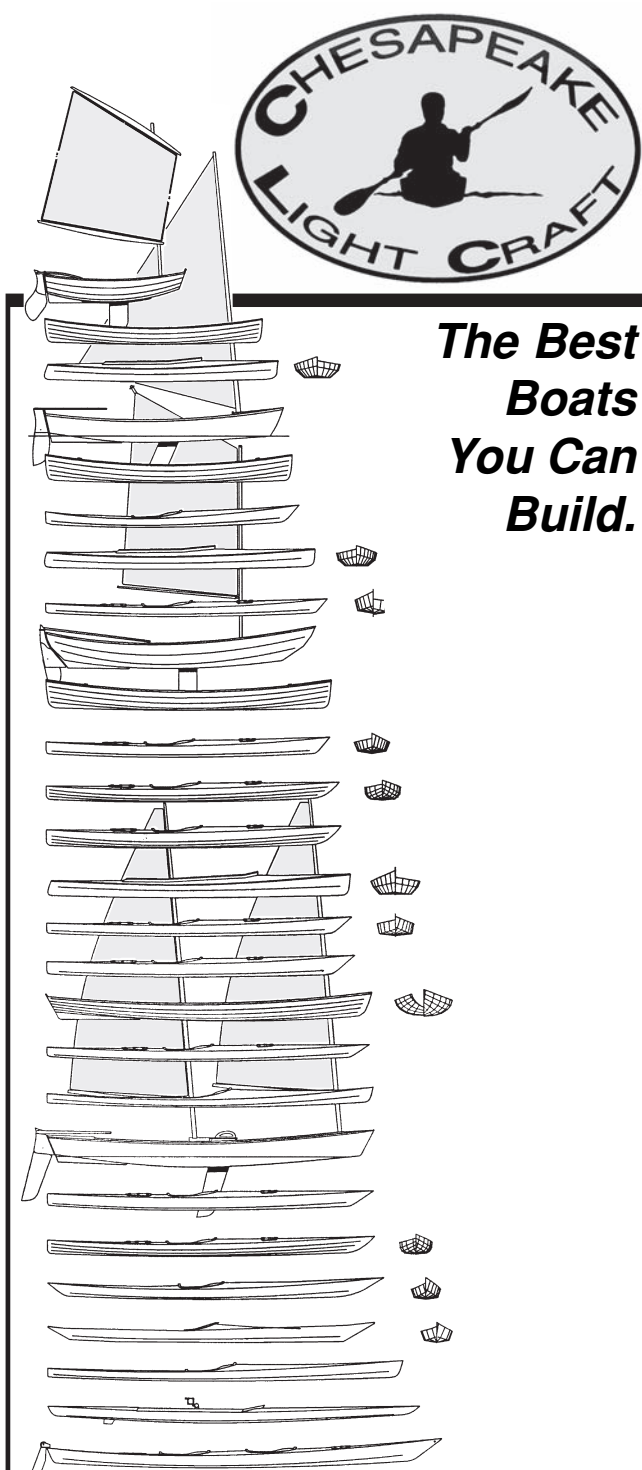
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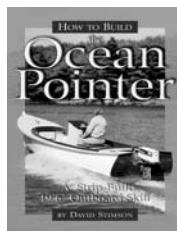


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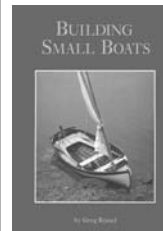


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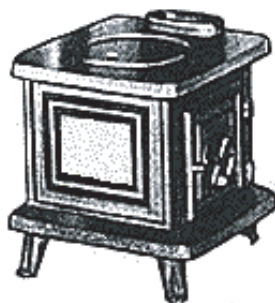
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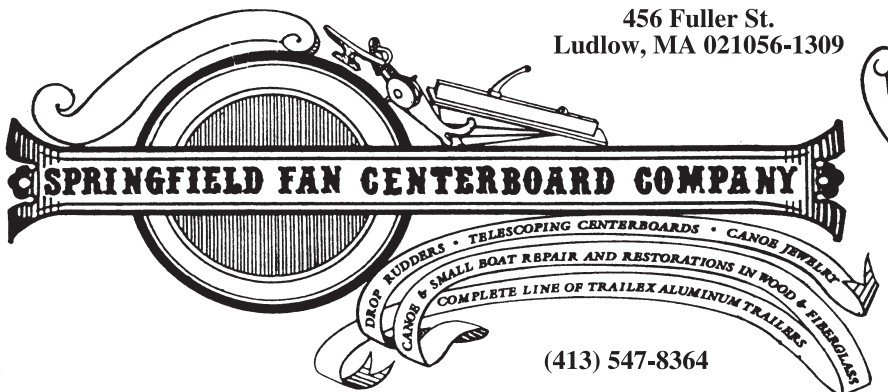
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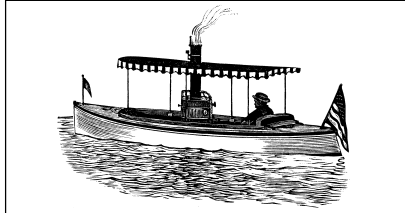
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The idea for this article came from my friend, fellow messer, and sometime contributor to this magazine, Tim Weaver. You may recall Tim's excellent piece about the small boat festival in St. Michaels several years ago, which I would rate as some of the finest writing ever seen in this magazine. I had placed a "For Sale" ad in *MAIB* in September '04 for my little pocket sailer, *Sabot*, and Tim called me to see if I'd "gone insane." He knew how much fun we'd had with the boat and couldn't believe that I would ever sell her.

Well, in spite of the fact that I fielded 28 calls, I had to report to him that she was still not sold. "How," he asked, "could you not sell that neat little boat for the amount of money you were asking?" Well, when I explained my marketing technique to a truly bemused Tim, he cajoled me into sharing it with all the readers of this erstwhile publication so that you could learn exactly how NOT to sell a boat! At Tim's suggestion, I have cobbled together the following typical phone conversation from the original 28 I received.

Me (probably speaking semi-coherently with food in my mouth): "Hello?"

Buyer: "Hey! My name is Ahab and I'm calling from East Bisquick about your little *Sabot*. You still have her?"

Me (putting down my sandwich): "Yeah."

Buyer: "Can you tell me a few things about her? Like, what's her draft and how does that electric inboard power really work and..."

Me (cutting him off): "Sure, sure. But to save us both some time, first do you mind if I ask YOU a couple of questions?"

Buyer (awkward pause): "Me? Sure, I guess not."

Me: "See, I just want to make sure that you're going to be as happy with the boat as I've been these last ten years. My son and my dad helped me build her, so I want to make sure she goes to someone who can take proper care of her and enjoy her."

Buyer: "Sentimental value. I understand completely. What do you need to know?"

Me: "Can you tell me how tall you are?"

Buyer: "Tall?" (with a hint of confusion in his voice) "Is that important?"

Me: "Sure is. The berths on the boat are designed for me and I'm six foot even."

Buyer (relieved to have passed the first test): "Oh, well, I'm only five ten."

Me: "How about your weight? I hope you're not over 190."

Buyer (a bit of desperation creeping in): "190? Gee, I'm closer to 200. Well, maybe just UNDER 200. I've been dieting, if that helps."

Me: "Well, I don't know..."

Buyer: "I know I can get below 190 by sailing season. Is it THAT critical?"

Me: "It's just that I built the cabin top for under 200 to keep things light above the waterline, and I just couldn't guarantee that it'd hold up to your weight." (I think it needs to be said here that a high percentage of callers failed the weight test. Maybe this magazine should start a wellness column for a readership that is, sadly, a little out of shape.)

Buyer: "I'm sure I can make the weight. I was a wrestler in high school so I'm used to taking weight off. I've been thinking about joining a gym anyways."

Me (unconvinced, but willing to give

"How NOT To Sell a Boat"

By Cap'n Freddy B.

him the benefit of a doubt): "Okay. How are your knees then?"

Buyer: "My knees? They're okay, I guess. Why do you ask?"

Me: "You're an ex-athlete. You probably blew out your knees in high school. It's just that on a small pocket cruiser like this you need to be very flexible. There's a lot of crawling and contorting about, particularly when climbing up into the boat during launching and going forward on the cabin top to raise and lower the mast."

Buyer: "Oh, I don't think that's much of a problem for me. I still get up on my roof to clean the gutters twice a year and I only need a little Tylenol afterwards" (nervous laughter).

Me: "How many milligrams of Tylenol" (this is an important detail, it will determine just how gimpy this guy is).

Buyer: "Usually only 250 milligrams."

Me: "You're sure? Only 250?"

Buyer (embarrassed pause): "Okay... maybe 500. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to lie to you. I just panicked a little."

Me (in a soothing but firm voice): "That's okay, Ahab. Buying a boat can be a stressful situation. Who knows what any of us would do if the shoe were on the other foot?"

Buyer: "Thanks. It won't happen again. I promise."

Me: "Don't mention it. Do you mind my asking how old you are?"

Buyer: "Sure... no problem. I'm... umm... 45."

Me (did you hear that little throat-clearing hesitation, I'm pretty sure he's lying again): "Forty-five? Well, that's acceptable. Have you had your cholesterol and blood pressure checked lately?"

Buyer: "Sure. Every year. I even got a colonoscopy lately if that helps."

Me: "Everything all right? Sailing a small boat like this in the hot summer sun can be physically challenging, especially since she doesn't have a sailing bimini. I've tried to fit her with one over the years but she's just too small."

Buyer: "I had a serious skin cancer problem a few years ago (pause), but I guess I can just put on more sun screen if I need to."

Me: "So, other than living on borrowed time, you're in good shape?"

Buyer (with a little too much hesitation): "Sure, sure." Well, Doc did say I need to lay off the baby back ribs a little, but I'm gonna start eating a bowl of Cheerios every morning and the impending weight loss, you know... that should help (clears throat in an obvious attempt to control the conversation). Could I possibly ask YOU some questions about the boat now?"

Me: "Sure, just as soon as I get a little more information from you. You do have a garage, don't you?"

Buyer: "Yes (nervous laugh). But it's half filled up with my priceless antique and rare book collection. There's barely room for my wife's car."

Me: "Well, you'll want to keep the boat inside the garage."

Buyer: "Oh, I was planning on using one of those blue tarp things..."

Me (cutting him off, a hint of horror in my voice): "Oh no! That will never do. You must understand, I built *Sabot* as a prototype. Never planned to keep her so I didn't exactly use the best materials in the construction. So if you want her to stay in perfect condition you'll have to keep her properly covered. Those plastic things sweat and cause all kinds of problems with cheap plywood, especially if you get a lot of snow."

Buyer: "I suppose I could make my wife keep her car outside (he thinks better of that idea.). Maybe I can keep my rare book collection under the blue tarp thing. How damp could it really get under there?"

Me: "Good idea. Now, how high is your garage opening?"

Buyer: "Is that important?"

Me: "If you want the proper clearance to get the boat and trailer inside, it is."

Buyer: "Gee, I don't really know. I'd have to measure it."

Me: "That's okay, I can wait."

Buyer: "Uh, sure... just a minute. I'm on the third floor and my tape measure is in the basement. Then I'll have to run outside, across the yard... it's a detached garage, you see."

Me: "No problem. I can wait." While he's gone, I put the phone down, get a cold one out of the fridge, and return just in time.

Buyer (seriously out of breath... I KNEW he was in rotten shape!): "It's... (pant...pant)... It's 7'... even."

Me: "Oh, that's too bad. She'll need 7'4" to clear with the mast in the tabernacle."

Buyer: (pause) "I guess I could chop out four inches from the door molding. Probably nobody'd notice that much (another vain attempt to regain control of the conversation). Now, could I ask you about..."

Me: "Oh, and about that mast. Well, you see, I broke the original on an overhead wire backing down a ramp this spring. Pretty stupid of me, huh? I built a new "quicky" one to get through the season but I don't trust it like the old one."

Buyer: "Do you think it might break?"

Me: "I don't know for sure. Seems okay so far. I've had her out in stuff up to about 15 knots. She sure seems "whippy" though!"

Buyer: "Oh well, I could make a new mast. That would only take a couple of weeks after work, probably... if I work late into the night."

Me: "One more thing. What are the sailing conditions like where you want to use the boat?"

Buyer: "Sailing conditions? You mean wind and waves?"

Me: "Yes, and depth. Also, how are the ramps? You'll need a surfaced ramp to launch her."

Buyer: "Here at East Bisquick we get some pretty strong winds in the summer."

Me: "Not over 20 knots, I hope. We're talking about a 14' boat here. And if the wind's under five, she's a real dog to windward. You know how catboats are."

Buyer: "Well, I suppose I could stay on the mooring on windy days. Of course, that would be most nice summer afternoons around here. But I guess I could wait until after dark when the wind dies down a bit. If I only sail between seven and eight each evening, I think it'll be about right."

Me: "Did you say you would keep her on a mooring?"

Buyer: "Yes, I have a nice protected anchorage here (sensing a problem), but in the winter months, of course, she'd stay in the garage!"

Me: "I don't like the idea of leaving a plywood boat on a mooring all summer. I always dry sail her. The longest she's ever been in the drink is two weeks. See, I figure you'll let her get damp inside, and sooner or later there will be problems."

Yes, Robb White, you're a little bit right about the "plywood thing," but I've been meaning to write you about your prejudice against cleats on small boats. You see, a genuine bronze 6" Herreshoff cleat coupled with the proper sized nylon mainsheet can be set up to spill a gust without fouling. Just turn the line over the windward horn, bring it underneath, and lay it over the top of the leeward horn. Be sure to leave the remaining line properly coiled on the cockpit sole. The friction is just right to hold up to about 12 knots of wind so you can keep your other hand free for more important business. Of course, sail area and heeling properties of the vessel are factors to consider, but... Where were we? Oh, yeah, this guy thought he was gonna keep MY boat on a mooring!

Buyer: "I was kinda looking forward to just walking down to the basin and going for a quick sail three or four times a week. It could be a lot of work, putting her in and out on a trailer. The nearest paved ramp is an hour's drive away and it's always crowded as anything most nice days. Plus, they charge you ten bucks to use it (pause... and then a deep sigh as he realizes that he might be pushing things a bit). But I guess I could do that, if you think it's really important."

Me: "Well, I just want you to be happy with the boat. That's your decision."

Buyer (a sudden noticeable change in his tone of voice): "I'll have to talk to my wife about it. Alright if I call you back tomorrow evening?"

Me: "Okay. I'm not sure when I'll be home... maybe after six. And we usually eat between 7:30 and 8:30. And please don't call after 10 because I'll be in bed. Oh, and one more thing, the price is firm. Just thought you ought to know."

Buyer (seemingly anxious to get off the line): Nice talking with you. Gotta go!"

Me: "Thanks for calling."

I know this is gonna surprise you, but this guy never called back. MY guess is that his wife didn't want him to have the boat. You all know how demanding some women can be.

Postscript: Thanks to all the callers... all 28 of you for your interest in *Sabot*. Sorry I was such a pain in the ass, but I really did want the next owner to have as much fun and personal satisfaction as we've had, having happily cruised her over the thousand mile mark as of last year. I'm pretty sure that there are now 28 new people out there who consider me to be crazy, but I must tell them and you that there is nothing, absolutely nothing less worth doing than simply messing about in the WRONG boat.

Also, I want to apologize, in particular, to Mason Smith, who called and was very complimentary and patient, even when I queried him on his weight. If you've ever met Mason, you will know that he never made it past the height part of my little inquisition. He's a big, tall guy who needs a more



heavily constructed boat. Besides, he already has a Bolger Birdwatcher, which is a much better boat than *Sabot* (though maybe not as cute). Really, Mason, I don't think you're fat! You're "big-boned."

Post-postscript: As difficult as it might be to believe, I never did sell that boat! So, if anyone out there is not too damn old, less than 6'2", under 200 pounds, has two good knees, a strong heart, a nice 7'+ high garage, and has some protected waters to sail in that average 5-15 knots of wind every day, give me a call. But don't call before 6pm because I'll probably be busy... or between 7:30 and 8:30 because we will be eating... or after 10 because we'll be in bed. I'm also usually away sailing on weekends and fishing or paddling on nice summer evenings, so don't try to call then. And the price is firm!

Oh, and you'd better hurry because I'm planning a really cool trip on the Rappahannock River this summer for two weeks, and once I get my waypoints programmed into the GPS there's no talking me out of the boat. You know, there's not a sweeter pocket cruiser around for poking into all those snug little creeks. And on a reach, she's just as balanced and well-behaved as anything. Oh, and talk about a cozy little cabin to sit and read in on a rainy afternoon... Dammit! Tim was right, I am insane! I think I'll hang onto her after all. Besides, I already butchered my OWN garage door frame and my knees are still okay. Gotta cut back on the beer though and work out a little. Don't wanna max out on the weight limit.

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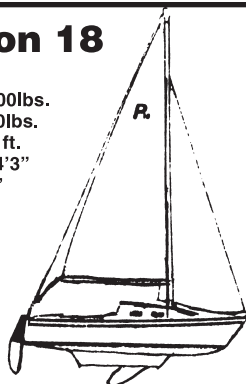
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ALAN CORNEY, Morristown, NJ, (973) 656-0392, (570) 589-9531 (1)



Two Bolger Designs Ready For Spring! 12' Auray Punt, storage spaces w/deck plated under transom knees. Removable center thwart. Original cost \$2,100. **16' Seahawk**, PVC gunwale guards & spray rails. Original cost \$2,300. Both used only lightly, built w/mahogany plywood fiberglassed, epoxy & SS fastened, 2 rowing stations each boat. Make a reasonable offer.
HANS WAECKER, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282 (23)

'97 Sea Pearl 21 Trimaran, lightly sailed, carbon fiber tabernacle masts, fully battened main & mizzen, black hulls w/white decks & white sails, Tonneau cover, bimini tops, 2hp Honda, camper canvas & tent, galv tilt trlr w/ama support & 530x12C tires, Bruce type anchor, etc., cost over \$20k new, \$10K.
JIM PLOURDE, 114 N. Marshall St., Allentown, PA 18104, (610) 437-3470 (23)

Free Boat, 24' S&S Dolphin, modified fg, electric motors, all sails & spinnaker. Must move. Located Mattituck, NY.
DAVE HILGENDORF, Mattituck, NY, (631) 298-0106 eves (23)

18' Wood/Canvas Guide's Canoe, built by W.V. Miller, Nictau, NB. Exc cond, real classic. \$950.
JIM PINE, Newton, MA, (617) 571-2276 (23)

1890's J. H. Rushton 13' Iowa Pleasure Boat, beautiful (same as photo after page 124 in At-wood Manley's book Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing). Planking, decking, gunwales exc. Bottom 6" of some ribs missing, easy repair. Set into decks are 2 brass pennant holders and unique brass plate reading "J. H. Rushton's Boats & Canoes - Sold by the H & D Folsom Arms Co. 3-14 Broadway, New York". Totally seaworthy. Pictures available. \$5,800. '23 Old-town 20' Guide Special, wood-canvas canoe #73726, CS Grade. Totally seaworthy. Pictures available. \$600. Call anytime or email.
LEE ROSENTHAL, Wallkill, NY, (845) 895-3137. <leerosenthal@frontiernet.net> (2)

16' Wooden John D. Little Catboat, '73, \$8,500. Delightful classic wooden catboat w/sitka-spruce spars, antique copper running light, bronze fittings, custom fit bunk & cockpit cushions, complete complement life saving & normal & special equipment for a catboat, w/over-the-road trlr. Contact for compl listing of equipment & photos.
PETER HUGHES, Lake Bluff, IL, (847) 234-0867, <hughesintl@sbeglobal.net> (24)

Balboa 24, '81, pop-top, roller furling, reconditioned main & head sail. Honda 10, DS, KM, tandem axle trlr. In vy nice cond. \$5,000.
JAY BERUBE, Kettle Falls, WA, (509) 738-6987, <jberube@ultraplix.com> (24)



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KEN DONOVAN, Branford, CT, (203) 605-7917, <ken.donovan@snet.net> (24)

21' Fenwick Williams Catboat, '65. Cedar on oak, bronze fastened. Volvo Diesel rblt, teak decks & cockpit, new bunks & cabin sole. Gd cond, ready to launch. \$17,650.
WILLIAM MURPHY, Kingston, NH, (603) 642-7489 (24)

BOATS WANTED

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LARRY TYTLA, Waterford, CT, (860) 444-2538 (23)

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DALE COLEMAN, Ft. Bragg, CA, (707) 964-6886, <clad12@yahoo.com> (24)

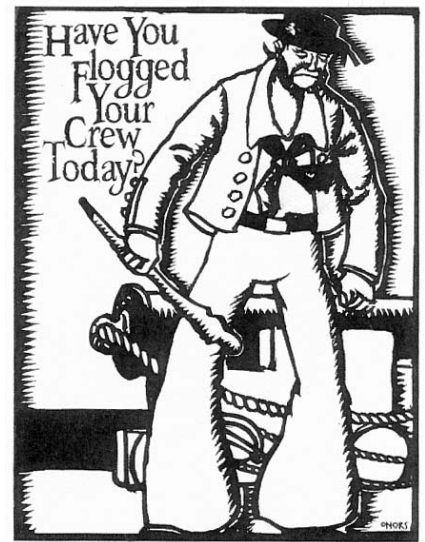
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Sail Rig for Whisp, Steve Redmond design, in gd cond for reasonable price.
JOHN, P.O. Box 1505, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (978) 777-5410 X1519 (24)

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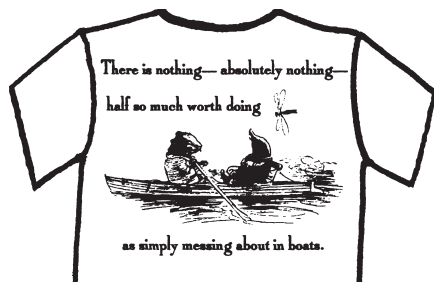
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Small Boat Journal issues #21-#78, 6 missing. Offers.

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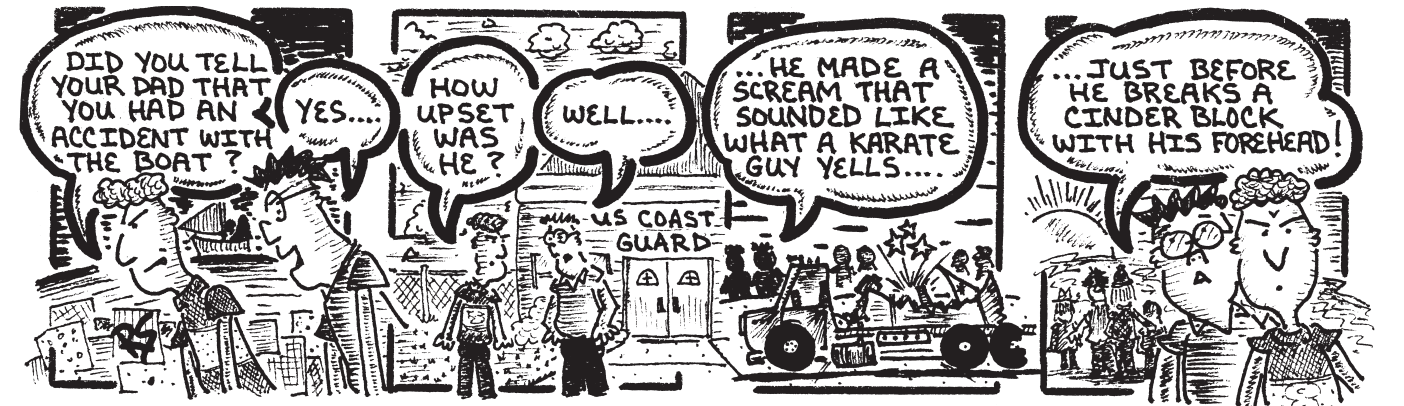
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The photo above was taken by Bob Hicks during the Blackburn Challenge. The going was easy in this portion of the race. Competitors later encountered 6-ft seas. The chair of the race committee, Tom Lawler, later said, "We are ashamed we let that race go on. If we ever have conditions like that again, we are going to cancel the race."

Paul Neil, the man at the oars, has won his class in the Blackburn eight times in a row....something never done by any other competitor in any boat.

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July 16-7 Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, VT
July 29-31 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY
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